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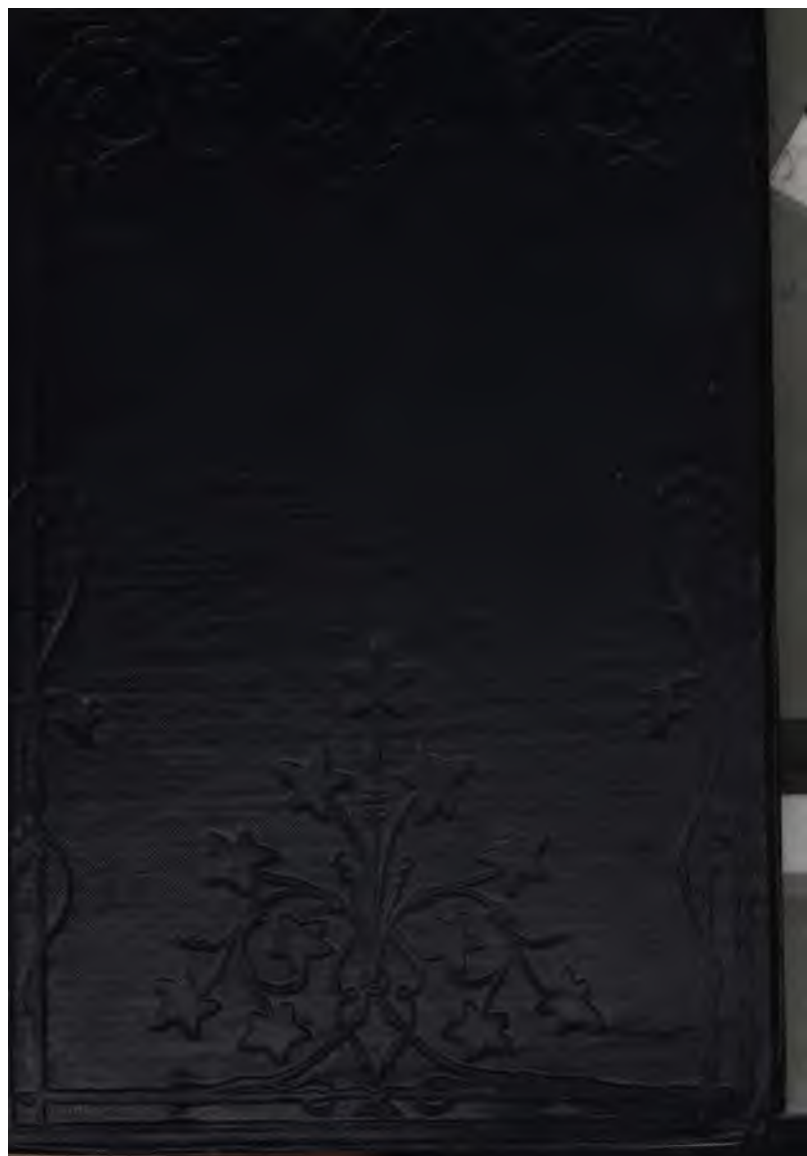
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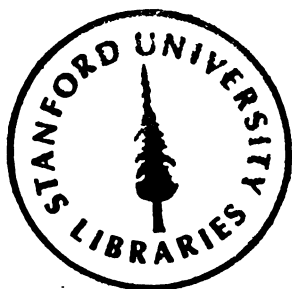
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4.



RECORDS OF WOMAN



RECORDS OF WOMAN

TO
MISS JOANNA BAILLIE

THIS VOLUME
AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF GRATEFUL RESPECT
AND ADMIRATION
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY
THE AUTHOR

MIGHTIER FAR
THAN STRENGTH OF NERVE AND SINEW, OR THE SWAY
OF MAGIC, POTENT OVER SUN AND STAR,
IS LOVE, THOUGH OFT TO AGONY DISTREST,
AND THO' HIS FAVOURITE SEAT BE FEEBLE WOMAN'S BREAST.
Wordsworth.

DAS IST DAS LOOS DES SCHOENEN AUF DER ERDE.
Schiller.

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RECORDS OF WOMAN

ARABELLA STUART

["THE LADY ARABELLA," as she has been frequently entitled, was descended from Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry VII., and consequently allied by birth to Elizabeth as well as James I. This affinity to the throne proved the misfortune of her life, as the jealousies which it constantly excited in her royal relatives, who were anxious to prevent her marrying, shut her out from the enjoyment of that domestic happiness which her heart appears to have so fervently desired. By a secret but early discovered union with William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, she alarmed the cabinet of James, and the wedded lovers were immediately placed in separate confinement. From this they found means to concert a romantic plan of escape; and having won over a female attendant, by whose assistance she was disguised in male attire, Arabella, though faint from recent sickness and suffering, stole out in the night, and at last reached an appointed spot, where a boat and servants were in waiting. She embarked; and at break of day a French vessel engaged to receive her was discovered and gained. As Seymour, however, had not yet arrived, she was desirous that the vessel should lie at anchor for him; but this wish was overruled by her companions, who, contrary to her entreaties, hoisted sail, "which," says Disraeli, "occasioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour, indeed, had escaped from the Tower; he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat, and arrived at Lee. The

time passed; the waves were rising; Arabella was not there; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, he discovered, to his grief, on hailing it, that it was not the French ship charged with his Arabella; in despair and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a large sum altered its course, and landed him in Flanders." Arabella, meantime, whilst imploring her attendants to linger, and earnestly looking out for the expected boat of her husband, was overtaken in Calais Roads by a vessel in the king's service, and brought back to a captivity, under the suffering of which her mind and constitution gradually sank. "What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history, but enough is known—that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and, if the duration of her imprisonment was short, that it was only terminated by her death. Some effusions, often begun and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain among her papers."—DISRAELI'S *Curiosities of Literature*.

The following poem, meant as some record of her fate, and the imagined fluctuations of her thoughts and feelings, is supposed to commence during the time of her first imprisonment, whilst her mind was yet buoyed up by the consciousness of Seymour's affection, and the cherished hope of eventual deliverance.]

"And is not love in vain,
Torture enough without a living tomb?"—BYRON.

"Fermosi al fin il cor che balzo tanto."—PINDEMONTE.

I

'Twas but a dream! I saw the stag leap free,
Under the boughs where early birds were singing;
I stood o'ershadowed by the greenwood tree,
And heard, it seemed, a sudden bugle ringing
Far through a royal forest. Then the fawn
Shot, like a gleam of light, from grassy lawn
To secret covert; and the smooth turf shook,
And lilies quivered by the glade's lone brook,
And young leaves trembled, as, in fleet career,

A princely band, with horn, and hound, and spear,
Like a rich masque swept forth. I saw the dance
Of their white plumes, that bore a silvery glance
Into the deep wood's heart ; and all passed by
Save one—I met the smile of *one* clear eye,
Flashing out joy to mine. Yes, *thou* wert there,
Seymour ! A soft wind blew the clustering hair
Back from thy gallant brow, as thou didst rein
Thy courser, turning from that gorgeous train,
And fling, methought, thy hunting spear away,
And lightly graceful, in thy green array,
Bound to my side. And we, that met and parted
Ever in dread of some dark watchful power,
Won back to childhood's trust, and fearless-hearted,
Blent the glad fulness of our thoughts that hour
Even like the mingling of sweet streams, beneath
Dim woven leaves, and midst the floating breath
Of hidden forest-flowers.

II

'Tis past ! I wake,
A captive, and alone, and far from thee,
My love and friend ! Yet fostering, for thy sake,
A quenchless hope of happiness to be ;
And feeling still my woman-spirit strong,
In the deep faith which lifts from earthly wrong
A heavenward glance. I know, I know our love
Shall yet call gentle angels from above,
By its undying fervour, and prevail—
Sending a breath, as of the spring's first gale,
Through hearts now cold ; and, raising its bright face,
With a free gush of sunny tears, erase
The characters of anguish. In this trust,

I bear, I strive, I bow not to the dust,
That I may bring thee back no faded form,
No bosom chilled and blighted by the storm,
But all my youth's first treasures when we meet,
Making past sorrow, by communion, sweet.

III

And thou too art in bonds ! Yet droop thou not,
O my beloved ! there is *one* hopeless lot,
But one, and that not ours. Beside the dead,—
There sits the grief that mantles up its head,
Loathing the laughter and proud pomp of light,
When darkness from the vainly doating sight
Covers its beautiful ! * If thou wert gone
To the grave's bosom, with thy radiant brow—
If thy deep-thrilling voice, with that low tone
Of earnest tenderness, which now, even now
Seems floating through my soul, were music taken
For ever from this world—oh ! thus forsaken,
Could I bear on ? Thou livest, thou livest, thou'rt mine !
With this glad thought I make my heart a shrine,
And by the lamp which quenchless there shall burn,
Sit a lone watcher for the day's return.

IV

And lo ! the joy that cometh with the morning,
Brightly victorious o'er the hours of care !
I have not watched in vain, serenely scorning

* "Wheresoever you are, or in what state soever you be, it sufficeth me you are mine. *Rachel wept and would not be comforted, because her children were no more.* And that, indeed, is the remediless sorrow, and none else !"—From a letter of Arabella Stuart's to her husband.—See *Curiosities of Literature*.

The wild and busy whispers of despair !
Thou hast sent tidings as of heaven—I wait
The hour, the sign, for blessed flight to thee.
Oh for the skylark's wing that seeks its mate
As a star shoots !—but on the breezy sea
We shall meet soon. To think of such an hour !
Will not my heart, o'erburdened by its bliss,
Faint and give way within me, as a flower
Borne down and perishing by noontide's kiss ?
Yet shall I *fear* that lot—the perfect rest,
The full deep joy of dying on thy breast,
After long suffering won ? So rich a close
Too seldom crowns with peace affection's woes.

V

Sunset ! I tell each moment : From the skies
The last red splendour floats along my wall,
Like a king's banner ! Now it melts, it dies !
I see one star—I hear—'twas not the call,
The expected voice ; my quick heart throbbed too soon.
I must keep vigil till yon rising moon
Shower down less golden light. Beneath her beam
Through my lone lattice poured, I sit and dream
Of summer-lands afar, where holy love,
Under the vine or in the citron grove,
May breathe from terror.

Now the night grows deep,
And silent as its clouds, and full of sleep.
I hear my veins beat. Hark ! a bell's slow chime !
My heart strikes with it. Yet again—'tis time !
A step !—a voice !—or but a rising breeze ?
Hark !—haste !—I come to meet thee on the seas !

.

VI

Now never more, oh ! never in the worth
Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth
Trust fondly—never more ! The hope is crushed
That lit my life, the voice within me hushed
That spoke sweet oracles ; and I return
To lay my youth as in a burial urn,
Where sunshine may not find it. All is lost !
No tempest met our barks—no billow tossed ;
Yet were they severed even as we must be,
That so have loved, so striven our hearts to free
From their close-coiling fate ! In vain—in vain !
The dark links meet, and clasp themselves again,
And press out life. Upon the deck I stood,
And a white sail came gliding o'er the flood,
Like some proud bird of ocean ; then mine eye
Strained out, one moment earlier to descry
The form it ached for, and the bark's career
Seemed slow to that fond yearning : it drew near,
Fraught with our foes ! What boots it to recall
The strife, the tears ? Once more a prison wall
Shuts the green hills and woodlands from my sight,
And joyous glance of waters to the light,
And thee, my Seymour !—thee !

I will not sink !

Thou, *thou* hast rent the heavy chain that bound thee !
And this shall be my strength—the joy to think
That thou may'st wander with heaven's breath around
thee,
And all the laughing sky ! This thought shall yet
Shine o'er my heart, a radiant amulet
Guarding it from despair. Thy bonds are broken ;
And unto me, I know, thy true love's token

Shall one day be deliverance, though the years
Lie dim between, o'erhung with mists of tears.

VII

My friend ! my friend ! where art thou ? Day by day,
Gliding like some dark mournful stream away,
My silent youth flows from me. Spring, the while,
Comes and rains beauty on the kindling boughs
Round hall and hamlet ; summer with her smile
Fills the green forest ; young hearts breathe their vows ;
Brothers long parted meet ; fair children rise
Round the glad board ; hope laughs from loving eyes
All this is in the world !—these joys lie sown,
The dew of every path ! On *one* alone
Their freshness may not fall—the stricken deer
Dying of thirst with all the waters near.

VIII

Ye are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers !
By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon sent ;
O'er you the oak shed down the summer showers,
And the lark's nest was where your bright cups bent,
Quivering to breeze and raindrop, like the sheen
Of twilight stars. On you heaven's eye hath been,
Through the leaves pouring its dark sultry blue
Into your glowing hearts ; the bee to you
Hath murmured, and the rill. My soul grows faint
With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams paint
Your haunts by dell and stream—the green, the free,
The full of all sweet sound—the shut from me !

IX

There went a swift bird singing past my cell——
O Love and Freedom ! ye are lovely things !

With you the peasant on the hills may dwell,
And by the streams. But I—the blood of kings,
A proud unmingling river, through my veins
Flows in lone brightness, and its gifts are chains !
Kings !—I had silent visions of deep bliss,
Leaving their thrones far distant ; and for this
I am cast under their triumphal car,
An insect to be crushed ! Oh ! heaven is far—
Earth pitiless !

Dost thou forget me, Seymour ? I am proved
So long, so sternly ! Seymour, my beloved !
There are such tales of holy marvels done
By strong affection, of deliverance won
Through its prevailing power ! Are these things told
Till the young weep with rapture, and the old
Wonder, yet dare not doubt ; and thou ! oh, thou !
Dost thou forget me in my hope's decay ?—
Thou canst not ! Through the silent night, even now,
I, that need prayer so much, awake and pray
Still first for thee. O gentle, gentle friend !
How shall I bear this anguish to the end ?

Aid !—comes there yet no aid ? The voice of blood
Passes heaven's gate, even ere the crimson flood
Sinks through the greensward ! Is there not a cry
From the wrung heart, of power, through agony,
To pierce the clouds ? Hear, Mercy !—hear me ! None
That bleed and weep beneath the smiling sun
Have heavier cause ! Yet hear !—my soul grows dark !
Who hears the last shriek from the sinking bark
On the mid seas, and with the storm alone,
And bearing to the abyss, unseen, unknown,

Its freight of human hearts ? The o'ermastering wave !
Who shall tell how it rushed—and none to save ?

Thou hast forsaken me ! I feel, I know—
There would be rescue if this were not so.
Thou'rt at the chase, thou'rt at the festive board,
Thou'rt where the red wine free and high is poured,
Thou'rt where the dancers meet ! A magic glass
Is set within my soul, and proud shapes pass,
Flushing it o'er with pomp from bower and hall :
I see one shadow, stateliest there of all—
Thine ! What dost *thou* amidst the bright and fair,
Whispering light words, and mocking my despair ?
It is not well of thee ! My love was more
Than fiery song may breathe, deep thought explore ;
And there thou smilest, while my heart is dying,
With all its blighted hopes around it lying :
Even thou, on whom they hung their last green leaf !
Yet smile, smile on ! too bright art thou for grief !

Death ! What ! is death a locked and treasured thing,
Guarded by swords of fire ? a hidden spring,
A fabled fruit, that I should thus endure,
As if the world within me held no cure ? *
Wherefore not spread free wings ?—Heaven, heaven !
control
These thoughts !—they rush—I look into my soul
As down a gulf, and tremble at the array
Of fierce forms crowding it ! Give strength to pray !
So shall their dark host pass.

* “ And if you remember of old, *I dare die*. Consider what the world would conceive if I should be violently enforced to do it.”—*Fragments of Lady Arabella's Letters*.

The storm is stilled.

Father in Heaven ! thou, only thou, canst sound
The heart's great deep, with floods of anguish filled,
For human line too fearfully profound.
Therefore forgive, my Father ! if thy child,
Rocked on its heaving darkness, hath grown wild,
And sinned in her despair ! It well may be
That thou wouldst lead my spirit back to thee,
By the crushed hope too long on this world poured—
The stricken love which hath perchance adored
A mortal in thy place ! Now let me strive
With thy strong arm no more ! Forgive, forgive !
Take me to peace !

And peace at last is nigh.

A sign is on my brow, a token sent
The o'erwearied dust from home. No breeze flits by,
But calls me with a strange sweet whisper, blent
Of many mysteries.

Hark ! the warning tone
Deepens—its word is *Death* ! Alone, alone,
And sad in youth, but chastened, I depart,
Bowing to heaven. Yet, yet my woman's heart
Shall wake a spirit and a power to bless,
Even in this hour's o'ershadowing fearfulness,
Thee, its first love ! O tender still, and true !
Be it forgotten if mine anguish threw
Drops from its bitter fountain on thy name,
Though but a moment !—Now, with fainting frame,
With soul just lingering on the flight begun,
To bind for thee its last dim thoughts in one,
I bless thee ! Peace be on thy noble head,
Years of bright fame, when I am with the dead !
I bid this prayer survive me, and retain

Its might, again to bless thee, and again !
Thou hast been gather'd into my dark fate
Too much ; too long, for my sake, desolate
Hath been thine exiled youth : but now take back,
From dying hands, thy freedom, and retrack
(After a few kind tears for her whose days
Went out in dreams of thee) the sunny ways
Of hope, and find thou happiness ! Yet send
Even then, in silent hours, a thought, dear friend !
Down to my voiceless chamber ; for thy love
Hath been to me all gifts of earth above,
Though bought with burning tears ! It is the sting
Of death to leave that vainly-precious thing
In this cold world ! What were it, then, if thou,
With thy fond eyes, wert gazing on me now ?
Too keen a pang ! Farewell ! and yet once more,
Farewell ! The passion of long years I pour
Into that word ! Thou hear'st not—but the woe
And fervour of its tones may one day flow
To thy heart's holy place ; there let them dwell.
We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet. Farewell !

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE *

" Fear ! I'm a Greek, and how should I fear death ?
A slave, and wherefore should I dread my freedom ?

I will not live degraded."—SARDANAPALUS.

COME from the woods with the citron-flowers,
Come with your lyres for the festal hours,
Maids of bright Scio ! They came, and the breeze
Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas ;
They came, and Eudora stood robed and crowned
The bride of the morn, with her train around.
Jewels flashed out from her braided hair,
Like starry dews midst the roses there :
Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,
Heaved by her heart through its golden zone.
But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,
(Gleamed from beneath her transparent veil ;
Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,
Though clear as a flower which the light looks through ;
And the glance of her dark resplendent eye,
For the aspect of woman at times too high,
Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervid beam.

* Founded on a circumstance related in the Second Series
of the *Curiosities of Literature*.

She looked on the vine at her father's door,
Like one that is leaving his native shore ;
She hung o'er the myrtle once call'd her own,
As it greenly waved by the threshold stone ;
She turned—and her mother's gaze brought back
Each hue of her childhood's faded track.
Oh ! hush the song, and let her tears
Flow to the dream of her early years !
Holy and pure are the drops that fall
When the young bride goes from her father's hall ;
She goes unto love yet untried and new,
She parts from love which hath still been true :
Mute be the song and the choral strain,
Till her heart's deep well-spring is clear again !
She wept on her mother's faithful breast,
Like a babe that sobs itself to rest ;
She wept—yet laid her hand awhile
In *his* that waited her dawning smile—
Her soul's affianced, nor cherished less
For the gush of nature's tenderness !
She lifted her graceful head at last—
The choking swell of her heart was past ;
And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way
In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.*

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL

WHY do I weep? To leave the vine
Whose clusters o'er me bend ;

* A Greek bride, on leaving her father's house, takes leave of her friends and relatives frequently in extemporaneous verses.
—See FAURIEL'S *Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*.

The myrtle—yet, oh call it mine !—
The flowers I loved to tend.
A thousand thoughts of all things dear
Like shadows o'er me sweep ;
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh ! therefore let me weep !

I leave thee, sister ! We have played
Through many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o'er fount and bower.
Yes ! thou and I, by stream, by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more—
Kind sister, let me weep !

I leave thee, father ! Eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gathered grapes, and the lyre in tune,
Thy homeward step to greet.
Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled—
I leave thee ! let me weep !

Mother ! I leave thee ! On thy breast
Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless—yet I go !
Lips, that have lulled me with your strain !
Eyes, that have watched my sleep !
Will earth give love like *yours* again ?—
Sweet mother ! let me weep !

And like a slight young tree, that throws
The weight of rain from its drooping boughs,
Once more she wept. But a changeful thing
Is the human heart—as a mountain spring
That works its way through the torrent's foam
To the bright pool near it, the lily's home !
It is well !—The cloud on her soul that lay,
Hath melted in glittering drops away.
Wake again, mingle, sweet flute and lyre !
She turns to her lover, she leaves her sire.
Mother ! on earth it must still be so :
Thou rearest the lovely to see them go !

They are moving onward, the bridal throng,
Ye may track their way by the swells of song ;
Ye may catch through the foliage their white robes' gleam,
Like a swan midst the reeds of a shadowy stream ;
Their arms bear up garlands, their gliding tread
Is over the deep-veined violet's bed ;
They have light leaves around them, blue skies above,
An arch for the triumph of Youth and Love !

II

STILL and sweet was the home that stood
In the flowering depths of a Grecian wood,
With the soft green light o'er its low roof spread,
As if from the glow of an emerald shed,
Pouring through lime-leaves that mingled on high,
Asleep in the silence of noon's clear sky.
Citrons amidst their dark foliage glowed,
Making a gleam round the lone abode ;
Laurels o'erhung it, whose faintest shiver
Scattered out rays like a glancing river ;

Stars of the jasmine its pillars crowned,
Vine-stalks its lattice and walls had bound;
And brightly before it a fountain's play
Flung showers through a thicket of glossy bay,
To a cypress which rose in that flashing rain,
Like one tall shaft of some fallen fane.

And thither Ianthia had brought his bride,
And the guests were met by that fountain-side.
They lifted the veil from Eudora's face—
It smiled out softly in pensive grace,
With lips of love, and a brow serene,
Meet for the soul of the deep wood-scene.
Bring wine, bring odours!—the board is spread;
Bring roses! a chaplet for every head!
The wine-cups foamed, and the rose was showered
On the young and fair from the world embowered;
The sun looked not on them in that sweet shade,
The winds amid scented boughs were laid;
And there came by fits, through some wavy tree,
A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea.

Hush! be still! Was that no more
Than the murmur from the shore?
Silence!—did thick rain-drops beat
On the grass like trampling feet?
Fling down the goblet, and draw the sword!
The groves are filled with a pirate horde!
Through the dim olives their sabres shine!—
Now must the red blood stream for wine!

The youths from the banquet to battle sprang,
The woods with the shriek of the maidens rang;


Under the golden-fruited boughs
There were flashing poniards and darkening brows—
Footsteps, o'er garland and lyre that fled,
And the dying soon on a greensward bed.
Eudora, Eudora! *thou* dost not fly?—
She saw but Ianthis before her lie,
With the blood from his breast in a gushing flow,
Like a child's large tears in its hour of woe,
And a gathering film in his lifted eye,
That sought his young bride out mournfully.
She knelt down beside him—her arms she wound
Like tendrils, his drooping neck around,
As if the passion of that fond grasp
Might chain in life with its ivy-clasp.
But they tore her thence in her wild despair,
The sea's fierce rovers—they left him there :
They left to the fountain a dark-red vein,
And on the wet violets a pile of slain,
And a hush of fear through the summer grove.—
So closed the triumph of Youth and Love !

III

GLOOMY lay the shore that night,
When the moon, with sleeping light,
Bathed each purple Sciote hill—
Gloomy lay the shore, and still.
O'er the wave no gay guitar
Sent its floating music far ;
No glad sound of dancing feet
Woke the starry hours to greet.
But a voice of mortal woe,
In its changes wild or low,
Through the midnight's blue repose

From the sea-beat rocks arose,
As Eudora's mother stood
Gazing o'er the Ægean flood,
With a fixed and straining eye—
Oh ! was the spoilers' vessel nigh ?
Yes ! there, becalmed in silent sleep,
Dark and alone on a breathless deep,
On a sea of molten silver, dark
Brooding it frowned, that evil bark !
There its broad pennon a shadow cast,
Moveless and black from the tall still mast ;
And the heavy sound of its flapping sail
Idly and vainly wooed the gale.
Hush'd was all else—had ocean's breast
Rocked e'en Eudora that hour to rest ?

To rest ? The waves tremble !—what piercing cry
Bursts from the heart of the ship on high ?
What light through the heavens, in a sudden spire,
Shoots from the deck up ? Fire ! 'tis fire !
There are wild forms hurrying to and fro,
Seen darkly clear on that lurid glow ;
There are shout, and signal-gun, and call,
And the dashing of water—but fruitless all !
Man may not fetter, nor ocean tame
The might and wrath of the rushing flame !
It hath twined the mast like a glittering snake,
That coils up a tree from a dusky brake ;
It hath touched the sails, and their canvass rolls
Away from its breath into shrivelled scrolls ;
It hath taken the flag's high place in the air,
And reddened the stars with its wavy glare ;
And sent out bright arrows, and soared in glee



To a burning mount midst the moonlight sea.
The swimmers are plunging from stern and prow—
Eudora ! Eudora ! where, where art thou ?
The slave and his master alike are gone.—
Mother ! who stands on the deck alone ?
The child of thy bosom !—and lo ! a brand
Blazing up high in her lifted hand !
And her veil flung back, and her free dark hair
Swayed by the flames as they rock and flare ;
And her fragile form to its loftiest height
Dilated, as if by the spirit's might ;
And her eye with an eagle-gladness fraught—
Oh ! could this work be of woman wrought ?
Yes ! 'twas her deed !—by that haughty smile,
It was hers : she hath kindled her funeral pile !
Never might shame on that bright head be :
Her blood was the Greek's, and hath made her free !

Proudly she stands, like an Indian bride
On the pyre with the holy dead beside :
But a shriek from her mother hath caught her ear,
As the flames to her marriage-robe draw near,
And starting, she spreads her pale arms in vain
To the form they must never enfold again.
—One moment more, and her hands are clasped—
Fallen is the torch they had wildly grasped—
Her sinking knee unto Heaven is bowed,
And her last look raised through the smoke's dim shroud,
And her lips as in prayer for her pardon move ;—
Now the night gathers o'er Youth and Love !

THE SWITZER'S WIFE

[**WERNER STAUFFACHER**, one of the three Confederates of the Field of Gruthl, had been alarmed by the envy with which the Austrian Bailiff, **Landenberg**, had noticed the appearance of wealth and comfort which distinguished his dwelling. It was not, however, until roused by the entreaties of his wife, a woman who seems to have been of a heroic spirit, that he was induced to deliberate with his friends upon the measures by which Switzerland was finally delivered.]

"*Not look nor tone revealeth aught
Hence woman's quietness of thought ;
And yet around her is a light
Of inward majesty and might.*"—**M. J. J.**

"*Wer solch ein Haus an seinen Busen drückt
Der kann für Herd und Hof mit Freuden fechten.*"
WILHELM TELL.

It was the time when children bound to meet
Their father's homeward step from field or hill,
And when the herd's returning bells are sweet
In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes grow still,
And the last note of that wild horn swells by
Which haunts the exile's heart with melody :

And lovely smiled full many an Alpine home,
Touched with the crimson of the dying hour,

Which lit its low roof by the torrent's foam,
And pierced its lattice through the vine-hung bower ;
But one, the loveliest o'er the land that rose,
Then first look'd mournful in its green repose.

For Werner sat beneath the linden tree
That sent its lulling whispers through his door,
Even as man sits, whose heart alone would be
With some deep care, and thus can find no more
The accustomed joy in all which evening brings,
Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hushed before him—sad, yet mild
In her beseeching mien !—He marked it not.
The silvery laughter of his bright-haired child
Rang from the greensward round the sheltered spot,
But seemed unheard ; until at last the boy
Raised from his heaped-up flowers a glance of joy,

And met his father's face. But then a change
Passed swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,
And a quick sense of something dimly strange
Brought him from play to stand beside the knee
So often climbed, and lift his loving eyes
That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong man shook ;
But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid
Her hand on his, and with a pleading look,
Through tears half-quivering, o'er him bent and said,
“ What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart its
prey,
That thou shouldst turn thee from our love away ?

"It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend !
Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair brow,
Missing the smile from thine ? Oh, cheer thee ! bend
To his soft arms : unseal thy thoughts e'en now !
Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share
Of tried affection in thy secret care."

He looked up into that sweet earnest face,
But sternly, mournfully : not yet the band
Was loosened from his soul ; its inmost place
Not yet unveiled by love's o'ermastering hand.
"Speak low !" he cried, and pointed where on high
The white Alps glittered through the solemn sky :

"We must speak low amidst our ancient hills
And their free torrents ; for the days are come
When Tyranny lies couched by forest-rills,
And meets the shepherd in his mountain-home.
Go, pour the wine of our own grapes in fear—
Keep silence by the hearth ! its foes are near.

"The envy of the oppressor's eye hath been
Upon my heritage. I sit to-night
Under my household tree, if not serene,
Yet with the faces best beloved in sight :
To-morrow eve may find me chained, and thee !—
How can I bear the boy's young smiles to see ?"

The bright blood left that youthful mother's cheek ;
Back on the linden stem she leaned her form ;
And her lip trembled as it strove to speak,
Like a frail harp-string shaken by the storm.
'Twas but a moment, and the faintness pass'd,
And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

And she, that ever through her home had moved
With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,
And timid in her happiness the while,
Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour—
Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,
And took her fair child to her holy breast,
And lifted her soft voice, that gathered might
As it found language :—" Are we thus oppressed ?
Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,
And man must arm, and woman call on God !

" I know what thou wouldst do ;—and be it done !
Thy soul is darkened with its fears for me.
Trust me to heaven, my husband ! This, thy son,
The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free !
And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.

" Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread
Of my desponding tears ; now lift once more,
My hunter of the hills ! thy stately head,
And let thine eagle glance my joy restore !
I can bear all, but seeing *thee* subdued—
Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

" Go forth beside the waters, and along
The chamois paths, and through the forests go ;
And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong
To the brave hearts that midst the hamlets glow.
God shall be with thee, my beloved ! Away !
Bless but thy child, and leave me—I can pray !"

He sprang up, like a warrior youth awaking
To clarion-sounds upon the ringing air ;
He caught her to his heart, while proud tears breaking
From his dark eyes fell o'er her braided hair ;
And " Worthy art thou," was his joyous cry,
" That man for thee should gird himself to die !

" My bride ! my wife ! the mother of my child !
Now shall thy name be armour to my heart :
And this our land, by chains no more defiled,
Be taught of thee to choose the better part.
I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell :
Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps. Farewell !"

And thus they parted, by the quiet lake,
In the clear starlight : he the strength to rouse
Of the free hills ; she, thoughtful for his sake,
To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,
Singing its blue half-curtained eyes to sleep
With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep.

PROPERZIA ROSSI

[PROPERZIA ROSSI, a celebrated female sculptor of Bologna, possessed also of talents for poetry and music, died in consequence of an unrequited attachment. A painting, by Ducis, represents her showing her last work, a basso-relievo of Ariadne, to a Roman knight, the object of her affection, who regards it with indifference.]

"Tell me no more, no more
Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?
Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind
One true heart unto me, whereon my own
Might find a resting-place, a home for all
Its burden of affections? I depart,
Unknown, though Fame goes with me; I must leave
The earth unknown. Yet it may be that death
Shall give my name a power to win such tears
As would have made life precious!"

I

ONE dream of passion and of beauty more!
And in its bright fulfilment let me pour
My soul away! Let earth retain a trace
Of that which lit my being, though its race
Might have been loftier far. Yet one more dream!
From my deep spirit one victorious gleam
Ere I depart. For thee alone, for thee!
May this last work, this farewell triumph be—
Thou, loved so vainly! I would leave enshrined

Something immortal of my heart and mind,
That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,
Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone
Of lost affection—something that may prove
What she hath been, whose melancholy love
On thee was lavished—silent pang and tear,
And fervent song that gushed when none were near,
And dream by night, and weary thought by day,
Stealing the brightness from her life away ;
While thou——Awake ! not yet within me die,
Under the burden and the agony
Of this vain tenderness—my spirit, wake !
Even for thy sorrowful affection's sake.
Live ! in thy work breathe out !—that he may yet,
Feeling sad mastery there, perchance regret
Thine unrequited gift.

II

It comes ! the power
Within me born flows back—my fruitless dower
That could not win me love. Yet once again
I greet it proudly, with its rushing train
Of glorious images : they throng—they press—
A sudden joy lights up my loneliness :
I shall not perish all !

The bright work grows
Beneath my hand, unfolding, as a rose
Leaf after leaf, to beauty—line by line,
Through the pale marble's veins. It grows !—and now
I fix my thought, heart, soul, to burn, to shine :
I give my own life's history to thy brow,
Forsaken Ariadne !—thou shalt wear
My form, my lineaments ; but oh ! more fair,

Touched into lovelier being by the glow
 Which in me dwells, as by the summer light
 All things are glorified. From thee my woe
 Shall yet look beautiful to meet his sight,
 When I am passed away. Thou art the mould
 Wherein I pour the fervent thoughts, the untold,
 The self-consuming ! Speak to him of me,
 Thou, the deserted by the lonely sea,
 With the soft sadness of thine earnest eye—
 Speak to him, lorn one ! deeply, mournfully,
 Of all my love and grief ! Oh ! could I throw
 Into thy frame a voice—a sweet, and low,
 And thrilling voice of song ! when he came nigh,
 To send the passion of its melody
 Through his pierced bosom—on its tones to bear
 My life's deep feeling, as the southern air
 Wafts the faint myrtle's breath—to rise, to swell,
 To sink away in accents of farewell,
 Winning but one, *one* gush of tears, whose flow
 Surely my parted spirit yet might know,
 If love be strong as death !

III

Now fair thou art,
 Thou form, whose life is of my burning heart !
 Yet all the vision that within me wrought
 I cannot make thee. Oh ! I might have given
 Birth to creations of far nobler thought ;
 I might have kindled with the fire of heaven
 Things not of such as die. But I have been
 Too much alone ! A heart whereon to lean
 With all these deep affections that o'erflow
 My aching soul, and find no shore below ;

An eye to be my star ; a voice to bring
Hope o'er my path, like sounds that breathe of spring !
These are denied me—dreamt of still in vain.
Therefore my brief aspirings from the chain
Are ever but as some wild fitful song,
Rising triumphantly, to die ere long
In dirge-like echoes.

IV

• Yet the world will see
Little of this, my parting work ! in thee.
Thou shalt have fame ! Oh, mockery ! give the reed
From storms a shelter—give the drooping vine
Something round which its tendrils may entwine—
Give the parched flower a raindrop, and the meed
Of love's kind words to woman ! Worthless fame !
That in *his* bosom wins not for my name
The abiding place it asked ! yet how my heart
In its own fairy world of song and art,
Once beat for praise ! Are those high longings o'er ?
That which I have been can I be no more ?
Never ! oh, never more ! though still thy sky
Be blue as then, my glorious Italy !
And though the music, whose rich breathings fill
Thine air with soul, be wandering past me still ;
And though the mantle of thy sunlight streams
Unchanged, on forms instinct with poet-dreams.
Never ! oh, never more ! Where'er I move,
The shadow of this broken-hearted love
Is on me and around ! Too well *they* know
Whose life is all within, too soon and well,
When there the blight hath settled ! But I go
Under the silent wings of peace to dwell ;

From the slow wasting, from the lonely pain,
 The inward burning of those words—" *In vain*,"
 Seared on the heart—I go. 'Twill soon be past !
 Sunshine and song, and bright Italian heaven,
 And thou, oh ! thou, on whom my spirit cast
 Unvalued wealth—who know'st not what was given
 In that devotedness—the sad and deep,
 And unrepaid—farewell ! If I could weep
 Once, only once, beloved one ! on thy breast,
 Pouring my heart forth ere I sink to rest !
 But that were happiness !—and unto me
 Earth's gift is *fame*. Yet I was formed to be
 So richly blessed ! With thee to watch the sky,
 Speaking not, feeling but that thou wert nigh ;
 With thee to listen, while the tones of song
 Swept even as part of our sweet air along—
 To listen silently ; with thee to gaze
 On forms, the deified of olden days—
 This had been joy enough ; and hour by hour,
 From its glad well-springs drinking life and power,
 How had my spirit soared, and made its fame
 A glory for thy brow ! Dreams, dreams !—The fire
 Burns faint within me. Yet I leave my name—
 As a deep thrill may linger on the lyre
 When its full chords are hushed—awhile to live,
 And one day haply in thy heart revive
 Sad thoughts of me. I leave it, with a sound,
 A spell o'er memory, mournfully profound ;
 I leave it, on my country's air to dwell—
 Say proudly yet—" *'Twas hers who loved me well !*"

GERTRUDE; OR, FIDELITY TILL DEATH

[THE BARON VON DER WART, accused—though it is believed unjustly—as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonising hours, with the most heroic devotedness. Her own sufferings, with those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago, at Haarlem, in a book entitled *Gertrude Von der Wart; or, Fidelity unto Death.*]

“Dark lowers our fate,
And terrible the storm that gathers o’er us;
But nothing, till that latest agony
Which severs thee from nature, shall unloose
This fix’d and sacred hold. In thy dark prison-house,
In the terrific face of armed law,
Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,
I never will forsake thee.”—JOANNA BAILLIE.

HER hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

“And bid me not depart,” she cried ;
 “My Rudolph ! say not so !
 This is no time to quit thy side—
 Peace ! peace ! I cannot go.
 Hath the world aught for *me* to fear,
 When death is on thy brow ?
 The world ! what means it ? *Mine is here—*
 I will not leave thee now.

“I have been with thee in thine hour
 Of glory and of bliss ;
 Doubt not its memory’s living power
 To strengthen me through *this* !
 And thou, mine honoured love and true !
 Bear on, bear nobly on :
 We have the blessed heaven in view,
 Whose rest shall soon be won.”

And were not these high words to flow
 From woman’s breaking heart ?
 Through all that night of bitterest woe
 She bore her lofty part ;
 But oh ! with such a glazing eye,
 With such a curdling cheek—
 Love, Love ! of mortal agony
 Thou, only *thou*, shouldst speak !

The wind rose high—but with it rose
 Her voice, that he might hear :—
 Perchance that dark hour brought repose
 To happy bosoms near ;
 While she sat striving with despair
 Beside his tortured form,

And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute chords low
Had stilled his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses pressed
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh ! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last !
She had her meed—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit passed !
While even as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, blessed the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not.

IMELDA

" Sometimes

The young forgot the lessons they had learnt,
And loved when they should hate—like thee, Imelda!" *

ITALY; a Poem.

" *Passa la bella Donna, e par che dorma.*"—TASSO.

WE have the myrtle's breath around us here,
Amidst the fallen pillars : this hath been
Some Naiad's fane of old. How brightly clear,
Flinging a vein of silver o'er the scene,
Up through the shadowy grass the fountain wells,
And music with it, gushing from beneath
The ivied altar ! That sweet murmur tells
The rich wild-flowers no tale of woe or death ;
Yet once the wave was darkened, and a stain
Lay deep, and heavy drops—but not of rain—
On the dim violets by its marble bed,
And the pale shining water-lily's head.

Sad is that legend's truth.—A fair girl met
One whom she loved, by this lone temple's spring,
Just as the sun behind the pine-grove set,
And eve's low voice in whispers woke, to bring
All wanderers home. They stood, that gentle pair,

* See Sismondi's *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, iii. 443.

With the blue heaven of Italy above,
And citron odours dying on the air,
And light leaves trembling round, and early love
Deep in each breast. What recked *their* souls of strife
Between their fathers? Unto them young life
Spread out the treasures of its vernal years;
And if they wept, they wept far other tears
Than the cold world brings forth. They stood, that hour,
Speaking of hope; while tree, and fount, and flower,
And star, just gleaming through the cypress boughs,
Seemed holy things, as records of their vows.

But change came o'er the scene. A hurrying tread
Broke on the whispery shades. Imelda knew
The footstep of her brother's wrath, and fled
Up where the cedars make yon avenue
Dim with green twilight: pausing there, she caught—
Was it the clash of swords? A swift dark thought
Struck down her lip's rich crimson as it passed,
And from her eye the sunny sparkle took
One moment with its fearfulness, and shook
Her slight frame fiercely, as a stormy blast
Might rock the rose. Once more, and yet once more,
She stilled her heart to listen—all was o'er;
Sweet summer winds alone were heard to sigh,
Bearing the nightingale's deep spirit by.

That night Imelda's voice was in the song—
Lovely it floated through the festive throng
Peopling her father's halls. That fatal night
Her eye looked starry in its dazzling light,
And her cheek glowed with beauty's flushing dyes,
Like a rich cloud of eve in southern skies—

A burning, ruby cloud. There were, whose gaze
Followed her from beneath the clear lamp's blaze,
And marvelled at its radiance. But a few
Beheld the brightness of that feverish hue
With something of dim fear; and in that glance
Found strange and sudden tokens of unrest,
Startling to meet amidst the mazy dance,
Where Thought, if present, an unbidden guest,
Comes not unmasked. Howe'er this were, the time
Sped as it speeds with joy, and grief, and crime
Alike: and when the banquet's hall was left
Unto its garlands of their bloom bereft;
When trembling stars looked silvery in their wane,
And heavy flowers yet slumbered, once again
There stole a footstep, fleet, and light, and lone,
Through the dim cedar shade—the step of one
That started at a leaf, of one that fled,
Of one that panted with some secret dread.
What did Imelda there? She sought the scene
Where love so late with youth and hope had been.
Bodings were on her soul; a shuddering thrill
Ran through each vein, when first the Naiad's rill
Met her with melody—sweet sounds and low:
We hear them yet, they live along its flow—
Her voice is music lost! The fountain-side
She gained—the wave flashed forth—'twas darkly dyed
Even as from warrior-hearts; and on its edge,
Amidst the fern, and flowers, and moss-tufts deep,
There lay, as lulled by stream and rustling sedge,
A youth, a graceful youth. “Oh! dost thou sleep?
Azzo!” she cried, “my Azzo! is this rest?”
But then her low tones faltered:—“On thy breast
Is the stain—yes, 'tis blood! And that cold cheek—

That moveless lip !—thou dost not slumber ?—speak,
Speak, Azzo, my beloved ! No sound—no breath—
What hath come thus between our spirits ? Death !
Death ?—I but dream—I dream !” And there she stood,
A faint fair trembler, gazing first on blood,
With her fair arm around yon cypress thrown,
Her form sustained by that dark stem alone,
And fading fast, like spell-struck maid of old,
Into white waves dissolving, clear and cold ;
When from the grass her dimmed eye caught a gleam—
’Twas where a sword lay shivered by the stream—
Her brother’s sword !—she knew it ; and she knew
’Twas with a venom’d point that weapon slew !
Woe for young love ! But love is strong. There came
Strength upon woman’s fragile heart and frame :
There came swift courage ! On the dewy ground
She knelt, with all her dark hair floating round
Like a long silken stole ; she knelt, and pressed
Her lips of glowing life to Azzo’s breast,
Drawing the poison forth. A strange, sad sight !
Pale Death, and fearless Love, and solemn Night !
—So the moon saw them last.

The Morn came singing
Through the green forests of the Apennines,
With all her joyous birds their free flight winging,
And steps and voices out amongst the vines.
What found that dayspring *here* ? Two fair forms laid
Like sculptured sleepers,—from the myrtle shade
Casting a gleam of beauty o’er the wave,
Still, mournful, sweet. Were such things for the grave ?
Could it be so indeed ? That radiant girl,
Decked as for bridal hours !—long braids of pearl

Amidst her shadowy locks were faintly shining,
As tears might shine, with melancholy light :
And there was gold her slender waist entwining,
And her pale graceful arms—how sadly bright ;
And fiery gems upon her breast were lying,
And round her marble brow red roses dying.
But she died first !—the violet's hue had spread
O'er her sweet eyelids with repose oppressed ;
She had bowed heavily her gentle head,
And on the youth's hushed bosom sunk to rest.
So slept they well !—the poison's work was done :
Love with true heart had striven—but Death had won.

EDITH

A TALE OF THE WOODS*

"Du Heilige! rufe dein Kind zurück!
Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet."—WALLENSTEIN.

THE woods—oh! solemn are the boundless woods
Of the great Western World when day declines,
And louder sounds the roll of distant floods,
More deep the rustling of the ancient pines.
When dimness gathers on the stilly air,
And mystery seems o'er every leaf to brood,
Awful it is for human heart to bear
The might and burden of this solitude!
Yet, in that hour, midst those green wastes, there sate
One young and fair; and oh! how desolate!
But undismayed—while sank the crimson light,
And the high cedars darkened with the night.
Alone she sate; though many lay around,
They, pale and silent on the bloody ground,
Were severed from her need and from her woe,
Far as death severs life. O'er that wild spot

* Founded on incidents related in an American work, *Sketches of Connecticut*.

Combat had raged, and brought the valiant low,
And left them, with the history of their lot,
Unto the forest oaks—a fearful scene
For her whose home of other days had been
Midst the fair halls of England ! But the love
Which filled her soul was strong to cast out fear :
And by its might upborne all else above,
She shrank not—marked not that the dead were near.
Of him alone she thought, whose languid head
Faintly upon her wedded bosom fell ;
Memory of aught but him on earth was fled,
While heavily she felt his life-blood well
Fast o'er her garments forth, and vainly bound
With her torn robe and hair the streaming wound—
Yet hoped, still hoped ! Oh ! from such hope how long
Affection woos the whispers that deceive,
Even when the pressure of dismay grows strong !
And we, that weep, watch, tremble, ne'er believe
The blow indeed can fall. So bowed she there
Over the dying, while unconscious prayer
Filled all her soul. Now poured the moonlight down,
Veining the pine-stems through the foliage brown,
And fire-flies, kindling up the leafy place,
Cast fitful radiance o'er the warrior's face,
Whereby she caught its changes. To her eye,
The eye that faded looked through gathering haze,
Whence love, o'ermastering mortal agony,
Lifted a long, deep, melancholy gaze,
When voice was not : that fond, sad meaning passed—
She knew the fulness of her woe at last !
One shriek the forests heard—and mute she lay
And cold, yet clasping still the precious clay
To her scarce-heaving breast. O Love and Death !

Ye have sad meetings on this changeful earth—
Many and sad !—but airs of heavenly breath
Shall melt the links which bind you, for your birth
Is far apart.

Now light, of richer hue
Than the moon sheds, came flushing mist and dew.
The pines grew red with morning; fresh winds played;
Bright-colour'd birds with splendour crossed the shade,
Flitting on flower-like wings; glad murmurs broke
From reed, and spray, and leaf—the living strings
Of Earth's Æolian lyre, whose music woke
Into young life and joy all happy things.
And she, too, woke from that long dreamless trance,
The widowed Edith: fearfully her glance
Fell, as in doubt, on faces dark and strange,
And dusky forms. A sudden sense of change
Flashed o'er her spirit, even ere memory swept
The tide of anguish back with thoughts that slept;
Yet half instinctively she rose, and spread
Her arms, as 'twere for something lost or fled,
Then faintly sank again. The forest-bough,
With all its whispers, waved not o'er her now.
Where was she? Midst the people of the wild,
By the Red hunter's fire: an aged chief,
Whose home look'd sad—for therein played no child—
Had borne her, in the stillness of her grief,
To that lone cabin of the woods; and there,
Won by a form so desolately fair,
Or touched with thoughts from some past sorrow sprung,
O'er her low couch an Indian matron hung;
While in grave silence, yet with earnest eye,
The ancient warrior of the waste stood by,

Bending in watchfulness his proud gray head,
And leaning on his bow.

And life returned—
Life, but with all its memories of the dead,
To Edith's heart; and well the sufferer learned
Her task of meek endurance—well she wore
The chastened grief that humbly can adore
Midst blinding tears. But unto that old pair,
Even as a breath of Spring's awakening air,
Her presence was; or as a sweet wild tune
Bringing back tender thoughts, which all too soon
Depart with childhood. Sadly they had seen
A daughter to the land of spirits go;
And ever from that time her fading mien,
And voice, like winds of summer, soft and low,
Had haunted their dim years: but Edith's face
Now looked in holy sweetness from her place,
And they again seemed parents. Oh! the joy,
The rich deep blessedness—though earth's alloy,
Fear, that still bodes, be there—of pouring forth
The heart's whole power of love, its wealth and worth
Of strong affection, in one healthful flow,
On something all its own! that kindly glow,
Which to shut inward is consuming pain,
Gives the glad soul its flowering time again,
When, like the sunshine, freed. And gentle cares
The adopted Edith meekly gave for theirs
Who loved her thus. Her spirit dwelt the while
With the departed, and her patient smile
Spoke of farewells to earth; yet still she prayed,
Even o'er her soldier's lowly grave, for aid
One purpose to fulfil, to leave one trace

Brightly recording that her dwelling-place
Had been among the wilds ; for well she knew
The secret whisper of her bosom true,
Which warned her hence.

And now, by many a word
Linked unto moments when the heart was stirred—
By the sweet mournfulness of many a hymn,
Sung when the woods at eve grew hushed and dim—
By the persuasion of her fervent eye,
All eloquent with childlike piety—
By the still beauty of her life she strove
To win for heaven, and heaven-born truth, the love
Poured out on her so freely. Nor in vain
Was that soft-breathing influence to enchain
The soul in gentle bonds ; by slow degrees
Light followed on, as when a summer breeze
Parts the deep masses of the forest shade,
And lets the sunbeam through. Her voice was made
Even such a breeze ; and she, a lowly guide,
By faith and sorrow raised and purified,
So to the Cross her Indian fosterers led,
Until their prayers were one. When morning spread
O'er the blue lake, and when the sunset's glow
Touched into golden bronze the cypress bough,
And when the quiet of the Sabbath-time
Sank on her heart, though no melodious chime
Wakened the wilderness, their prayers were one.
Now might she pass in hope—her work was done !
And she *was* passing from the woods away—
The broken flower of England might not stay
Amidst those alien shades. Her eye was bright
Even yet with something of a starry light ;

But her form wasted, and her fair young cheek
Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak,
A rose whose root was death. The parting sigh
Of autumn through the forests had gone by,
And the rich maple o'er her wanderings lone
Its crimson leaves in many a shower had strown,
Flushing the air; and winter's blast had been
Amidst the pines; and now a softer green
Fringed their dark boughs: for spring again had come,
The sunny spring! but Edith to her home
Was journeying fast. Alas! we think it sad
To part with life when all the earth looks glad
In her young lovely things—when voices break
Into sweet sounds, and leaves and blossoms wake:
Is it not brighter, then, in that far clime
Where graves are not, nor blights of changeful time,
If *here* such glory dwell with passing blooms,
Such golden sunshine rest around the tombs?
So thought the dying one. 'Twas early day,
And sounds and odours with the breezes' play,
Whispering of spring-time, through the cabin door
Unto her couch life's farewell sweetness bore.
Then with a look where all her hope awoke,
"My father!"—to the gray-haired chief she spoke—
"Knowest thou that I depart?" "I know, I know,"
He answered mournfully, "that thou must go
To thy beloved, my daughter!" "Sorrow not
For me, kind mother!" with meek smiles once more
She murmured in low tones: "one happy lot
Awaits us, friends! upon the better shore;
For we have prayed together in one trust,
And lifted our frail spirits from the dust
To God, who gave them. Lay me by mine own,

Under the cedar shade : where he is gone,
Thither I go. There will my sisters be,
And the dead parents, lisping at whose knee
My childhood's prayer was learned—the Saviour's prayer
Which now *ye* know—and I shall meet you there.
Father, and gentle mother ! ye have bound
The bruised reed, and mercy shall be found
By Mercy's children." From the matron's eye
Dropped tears, her sole and passionate reply.
But Edith felt them not ; for now a sleep
Solemnly beautiful—a stillness deep,
Fell on her settled face. Then, sad and slow,
And mantling up his stately head in woe,
"Thou'rt passing hence !" he sang, that warrior old,
In sounds like those by plaintive waters rolled.

"THOU'RT passing from the lake's green side,
And the hunter's hearth away :
For the time of flowers, for the summer's pride,
Daughter ! thou canst not stay.

"Thou art journeying to thy spirit's home,
Where the skies are ever clear :
The corn-month's golden hours will come,
But they shall not find thee here.

"And we shall miss thy voice, my bird !
Under our whispering pine ;
Music shall midst the leaves be heard,
But not a song like thine.

"A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill,
Telling of winter gone,

Hath such sweet falls—yet caught we still
A farewell in its tone.

“ But thou, my bright one ! thou shalt be
Where farewell sounds are o’er ;
Thou, in the eyes thou lovest, shalt see
No fear of parting more.

“ The mossy grave thy tears have wet,
And the wind’s wild moanings by,
Thou with thy kindred shalt forget,
Midst flowers—not such as die.

“ The shadow from thy brow shall melt
The sorrow from thy strain,
But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt
Our hearts shall thirst in vain.

“ Dim will our cabin be, and lone,
When thou, its light, art fled ;
Yet hath thy step the pathway shown
Unto the happy dead.

“ And we will follow thee, our guide !
And join that shining band ;
Thou’rt passing from the lake’s green side—
Go to the better land !”

The song had ceased, the listeners caught no breath :
That lovely sleep had melted into death.

THE INDIAN CITY.*

"What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it."—CHILDS HAROLD.

I

ROYAL in splendour went down the day,
On the plain where an Indian city lay,
With its crown of domes o'er the forest high,
Red, as if fused in the burning sky;
And its deep groves pierced by the rays which made
A bright stream's way through each long arcade,
Till the pillared vaults of the banyan stood
Like torch-lit aisles midst the solemn wood;
And the plantain glittered with leaves of gold,
As a tree midst the genii-gardens old,
And the cypress lifted a blazing spire,
And the stems of the cocoas were shafts of fire.
Many a white pagoda's gleam
Slept lovely round upon lake and stream,
Broken alone by the lotus flowers,
As they caught the glow of the sun's last hours,
Like rosy wine in their cups, and shed
Its glory forth on their crystal bed.

* From a tale in Forbes's *Oriental Memoirs*.

- Many a graceful Hindoo maid,
• With the water-vase, from the palmy shade
Came gliding light as the desert's roe,
Down marble steps to the tanks below ;
And a cool sweet plashing was ever heard,
As the molten glass of the wave was stirred,
And a murmur thrilling the scented air,
• Told where the Bramin bowed in prayer.

There wandered a noble Moslem boy,
Through that scene of beauty in breathless joy ;
He gazed where the stately city rose,
Like a pageant of clouds, in its red repose ;
He turned where birds through the gorgeous gloom
Of the woods went glancing on starry plume ;
He tracked the brink of the shining lake,
By the tall canes feathered in tuft and brake :
Till the path he chose, in its mazes, wound
To the very heart of the holy ground.
And there lay the water, as if enshrined
In a rocky urn, from the sun and wind,
Bearing the hues of the grove on high,
Far down through its dark still purity.
The flood beyond, to the fiery west,
Spread out like a metal mirror's breast ;
But that lone bay in its dimness deep,
Seemed made for the swimmer's joyous leap,
For the stag athirst from the noontide chase,
For all free things of the wild-wood's race.
Like a falcon's glance on the wide blue sky,
Was the kindling flash of the boy's glad eye ;
Like a sea-bird's flight to the foaming wave,
From the shadowy bank was the bound he gave ;

Dashing the spray-drops, cold and white,
O'er the glossy leaves in his young delight,
And bowing his locks to the waters clear—
Alas ! he dreamt not that fate was near.

His mother looked from her tent the while,
O'er Heaven and earth with a quiet smile :
She, on her way unto Mecca's fane,
Had stayed the march of her pilgrim train,
Calmly to linger a few brief hours
In the Bramin city's glorious bowers ;
For the pomp of the forest, the wave's bright fall,
The red gold of sunset—she loved them all.

II

THE moon rose clear in the splendour given
To the deep-blue night of an Indian heaven ;
The boy from the high arched woods came back—
Oh ! what had he met in his lonely track ?
The serpent's glance, through the long reeds bright ?
The arrowy spring of the tiger's might ?
No ! yet as one by a conflict worn,
With his graceful hair all soiled and torn,
And a gloom on the lids of his darkened eye,
And a gash on his bosom—he came to die !
He looked for the face to his young heart sweet,
And found it, and sank at his mother's feet.
“ Speak to me !—whence doth the swift blood run ?
What hath befallen thee, my child, my son ? ”
The mist of death on his brow lay pale,
But his voice just lingered to breathe the tale,
Murmuring faintly of wrongs and scorn,
And wounds from the children of Brahma borne.

This was the doom for a Moslem found
With a foot profane on their holy ground—
This was for sullyng the pure waves, free
Unto them alone—'twas their god's decree.

A change came o'er his wandering look—
The mother shrieked not then nor shook :
Breathless she knelt in her son's young blood,
Rending her mantle to stanch its flood;
But it rushed like a river which none may stay,
Bearing a flower to the deep away.
That which our love to the earth would chain,
Fearfully striving with heaven in vain—
That which fades from us, while yet we hold,
Clasped to our bosoms, its mortal mould,
Was fleeting before her, afar and fast ;
One moment—the soul from the face had passed !
Are there no words for that common woe ?
Ask of the thousands its depth that know !
The boy had breathed, in his dreaming rest,
Like a low-voiced dove on her gentle breast ;
He had stood, when she sorrowed, beside her knee,
Painfully stilling his quick heart's glee ;
He had kissed from her cheek the widow's tears,
With the loving lip of his infant years :
He had smiled o'er her path like a bright spring day—
Now in his blood on the earth he lay !
Murdered ! Alas ! and we love so well
In a world where anguish like this can dwell !

She bowed down mutely o'er her dead—
They that stood round her watched in dread ;
They watched—she knew not they were by—

Her soul sat veiled in its agony.
On the silent lip she pressed no kiss—
Too stern was the grasp of her pangs for this:
She shed no tear, as her face bent low
O'er the shining hair of the lifeless brow;
She looked but into the half-shut eye
With a gaze that found there no reply,
And, shrieking, mantled her head from sight,
And fell, struck down by her sorrow's might.

And what deep change, what work of power,
Was wrought on her secret soul that hour?
How rose the lonely one? She rose
Like a prophetess from dark repose!
And proudly flung from her face the veil,
And shook the hair from her forehead pale,
And midst her wondering handmaids stood,
With the sudden glance of a dauntless mood.
Ay, lifting up to the midnight sky
A brow in its regal passion high,
With a close and rigid grasp she pressed
The blood-stained robe to her heaving breast,
And said—"Not yet, not yet I weep,
Not yet my spirit shall sink or sleep!
Not till yon city, in ruins rent,
Be piled for its victim's monument.
Cover his dust! bear it on before!
It shall visit those temple-gates once more."

And away in the train of the dead she turned,
The strength of her step was the heart that burned:
And the Bramin groves in the starlight smiled,
As the mother passed with her slaughtered child.

III

HARK ! a wild sound of the desert's horn
Through the woods round the Indian city borne,
A peal of the cymbal and tambour afar—
War ! 'tis the gathering of Moslem war !
The Bramin looked from the leaguered towers—
He saw the wild archer amidst his bowers ;
And the lake that flashed through the plantain shade,
As the light of the lances along it played ;
And the canes that shook as if winds were high,
When the fiery steed of the waste swept by ;
And the camp as it lay like a billowy sea,
Wide round the sheltering banyan-tree.

There stood one tent from the rest apart—
That was the place of a wounded heart.
Oh ! deep is a wounded heart, and strong
A voice that cries against mighty wrong ;
And full of death as a hot wind's blight,
Doth the ire of a crushed affection light.
Maimuna from realm to realm had passed,
And her tale had rung like a trumpet's blast.
There had been words from her pale lips poured,
Each one a spell to unsheath the sword.
The Tartar had sprung from his steed to hear,
And the dark chief of Araby grasped his spear,
Till a chain of long lances begirt the wall,
And a vow was recorded that doomed its fall.
Back with the dust of her son she came,
When her voice had kindled that lightning flame ;
She came in the might of a queenly foe,
Banner, and javelin, and bended bow ;

But a deeper power on her forehead sate—
There sought the warrior his star of fate :
Her eye's wild flash through the tented line
Was hailed as a spirit and a sign,
And the faintest tone from her lip was caught
As a sibyl's breath of prophetic thought.
Vain, bitter glory !—the gift of grief,
That lights up vengeance to find relief,
Transient and faithless ! It cannot fill
So the deep void of the heart, nor still
The yearning left by a broken tie,
That haunted fever of which we die !

Sickening she turned from her sad renown,
As a king in death might reject his crown.
Slowly the strength of the walls gave way—
She withered faster from day to day :
All the proud sounds of that bannered plain
To stay the flight of her soul were vain ;
Like an eagle caged, it had striven, and worn
The frail dust, ne'er for such conflicts born,
Till the bars were rent, and the hour was come
For its fearful rushing through darkness home.

The bright sun set in his pomp and pride,
As on that eve when the fair boy died :
She gazed from her couch, and a softness fell
O'er her weary heart with the day's farewell ;
She spoke, and her voice, in its dying tone,
Had an echo of feelings that long seemed flown.
She murmured a low sweet cradle-song,
Strange midst the din of a warrior throng—
A song of the time when her boy's young cheek

Had glowed on her breast in its slumber meek.
But something which breathed from that mournful strain
Sent a fitful gust o'er her soul again ;
And starting, as if from a dream, she cried—
“ Give him proud burial at my side !
There, by yon lake, where the palm-boughs wave,
When the temples are fallen, make there our grave.”

And the temples fell, though the spirit passed,
That stayed not for victory's voice at last—
When the day was won for the martyr dead,
For the broken heart and the bright blood shed.
Through the gates of the vanquished the Tartar steed
Bore in the avenger with foaming speed ;
Free swept the flame through the idol fanes,
And the streams glowed red, as from warrior veins ;
And the sword of the Moslem, let loose to slay,
Like the panther leapt on its flying prey,
Till a city of ruin begirt the shade
Where the boy and his mother at rest were laid.
Palace and tower on that plain were left,
Like fallen trees by the lightning cleft ;
The wild vine mantled the stately square,
The Rajah's throne was the serpent's lair,
And the jungle-grass o'er the altar sprung—
This was the work of one deep heart wrung !

THE PEASANT GIRL OF THE RHONE

... "There is but one place in the world—
Thither, where he lies buried!
There, there is all that still remains of him;
That single spot is the whole earth to me."

WALLENSTEIN.

"Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert."—CHILDE HAROLD.

THERE went a warrior's funeral through the night,
A waving of tall plumes, a ruddy light
Of torches, fitfully and wildly thrown
From the high woods, along the sweeping Rhone,
Far down the waters. Heavily and dead,
Under the moaning trees, the horse-hoof's tread
In muffled sounds upon the greensward fell,
As chieftains passed; and solemnly the swell
Of the deep requiem, o'er the gleaming river
Borne with the gale, and with the leaves' low shiver,
Floated and died. Proud mourners there, yet pale,
Wore man's mute anguish sternly;—but of *one*,
Oh, who shall speak? What words *his* brow unveil?
A father following to the grave his son!—
That is no grief to picture! Sad and slow,
Through the wood-shadows, moved the knightly train,
With youth's fair form upon the bier laid low—

Fair even when found amidst the bloody slain,
Stretched by its broken lance. They reached the lone
Baronial chapel, where the forest-gloom
Fell heaviest, for the massy boughs had grown
Into thick archways, as to vault the tomb.
Stately they trode the hollow-ringing aisle,
A strange deep echo shuddered through the pile,
Till crested heads at last in silence bent
Round the De Coucis' antique monument,
When dust to dust was given ;—and Aymer slept
Beneath the drooping banners of his line,
Whose broidered folds the Syrian wind had swept
Proudly and oft o'er fields of Palestine.
So the sad rite was closed. The sculptor gave
Trophies, ere long, to deck that lordly grave ;
And the pale image of a youth, arrayed
As warriors are for fight, but calmly laid
In slumber on his shield. Then all was done—
All still around the dead. His name was heard
Perchance when wine-cups flowed, and hearts were stirred
By some old song, or tale of battle won
Told round the hearth. But in his father's breast
Manhood's high passions woke again, and pressed
On to their mark ; and in his friend's clear eye
There dwelt no shadow of a dream gone by ;
And with the brethren of his fields, the feast
Was gay as when the voice whose sounds had ceased
Mingled with theirs. Even thus life's rushing tide
Bears back affection from the grave's dark side.
Alas ! to think of this !—the heart's void place
Filled up so soon !—so like a summer cloud,
All that we loved to pass and leave no trace !—
He lay forgotten in his early shroud.

Forgotten ?—not of all ! The sunny smile
Glancing in play o'er that proud lip erewhile,
And the dark locks, whose breezy waving threw
A gladness round, whene'er their shade withdrew
From the bright brow ; and all the sweetness lying
Within that eagle eye's jet radiance deep,
And all the music with that young voice dying,
Whose joyous echoes made the quick heart leap
As at a hunter's bugle—these things lived
Still in one breast, whose silent love survived
The pomps of kindred sorrow. Day by day,
On Aymer's tomb fresh flowers in garlands lay,
Through the dim fane soft summer odours breathing,
And all the pale sepulchral trophies wreathing,
And with a flush of deeper brilliance glowing
In the rich light, like molten rubies flowing
Through storied windows down. The violet there
Might speak of love—a secret love and lowly ;
And the rose image all things fleet and fair ;
And the faint passion-flower, the sad and holy,
Tell of diviner hopes. But whose light hand,
As for an altar, wove the radiant band ?
Whose gentle nurture brought, from hidden dells,
That gem-like wealth of blossoms and sweet bells,
To blush through every season ? Blight and chill
Might touch the changing woods ; but duly still
For years those gorgeous coronals, renewed,
And brightly clasping marble spear and helm,
Even through mid-winter filled the solitude
With a strange smile—a glow of summer's realm.
Surely some fond and fervent heart was pouring
Its youth's vain worship on the dust, adoring
In lone devotedness !

One spring morn rose,
And found, within that tomb's proud shadow laid—
Oh ! not as midst the vineyards, to repose
From the fierce noon—a dark-haired peasant maid.
Who could reveal her story ? That still face
Had once been fair ; for on the clear arched brow
And the curved lip, there lingered yet such grace
As sculpture gives its dreams ; and long and low
The deep black lashes, o'er the half-shut eye—
For death was on its lids—fell mournfully.
But the cold cheek was sunk, the raven hair
Dimmed, the slight form all wasted, as by care.
Whence came that early blight ? *Her* kindred's place
Was not amidst the high De Couci race ;
Yet there her shrine had been ! She grasped a wreath,
The tomb's last garland !—This was Love in Death.

INDIAN WOMAN'S DEATH-SONG

[AN Indian woman, driven to despair by her husband's desertion of her for another wife, entered a canoe with her children, and rowed it down the Mississippi towards a cataract. Her voice was heard from the shore singing a mournful death-song, until overpowered by the sound of the waters in which she perished. The tale is related in LONG's *Expedition to the Source of St Peter's River*.]

"Non ! je ne puis vivre avec un cœur brisé. Il faut que je retrouve la joie, et que je m'unisse aux esprits libres de l'air."—BRIDE OF MESSINA.

"Let not my child be a girl, for very sad is the life of a woman."—THE PRAIRIE.

Down a broad river of the Western wilds,
Piercing thick forest-glooms, a light canoe
Swept with the current. Fearful was the speed
Of the frail bark, as by a tempest's wing
Borne leaf-like on to where the mist of spray
Rose with the cataract's thunder. Yet within,
Proudly and dauntlessly, and all alone,
Save that a babe lay sleeping at her breast,
A woman stood ! Upon her Indian brow
Sat a strange gladness, and her dark hair waved
As if triumphantly. She pressed her child,
In its bright slumber, to her beating heart,
And lifted her sweet voice, that rose awhile
Above the sound of waters, high and clear,
Wafting a wild proud strain—a song of death.

"Roll swiftly to the Spirit's Land, thou mighty stream
and free !

Father of ancient Waters,* roll ! and bear our lives
with thee !

The weary bird that storms have tossed would seek the
sunshine's calm,

And the deer that hath the arrow's hurt flies to the
woods of balm.

"Roll on !—my warrior's eye hath looked upon another's
face,

And mine hath faded from his soul, as fades a moon-
beam's trace :

My shadow comes not o'er his path, my whisper to his
dream—

He flings away the broken reed. Roll swifter yet, thou
stream !

"The voice that spoke of other days is hushed within
his breast,

But *mine* its lonely music haunts, and will not let me
rest ;

It sings a low and mournful song of gladness that is
gone—

I cannot live without that light. Father of Waves !
roll on !

"Will he not miss the bounding step that met him
from the chase ?

The heart of love that made his home an ever-sunny
place ?

* "Father of Waters," the Indian name for the Mississippi.

The hand that spread the hunter's board, and decked
his couch of yore?—

He will not ! Roll, dark foaming stream ! on to the
better shore.

“ Some blessed fount amidst the woods of that bright
land must flow,

Whose waters from my soul may lave the memory of
this woe ;

Some gentle wind must whisper there, whose breath
may waft away

The burden of the heavy night, the sadness of the
day.

“ And thou, my babe ! though born, like me, for
woman's weary lot,

Smile !—to that wasting of the heart, my own ! I leave
thee not.

Too bright a thing art *thou* to pine in aching love
away—

Thy mother bears thee far, young fawn ! from sorrow
and decay.

“ She bears thee to the glorious bowers where none are
heard to weep,

And where the unkind one hath no power again to
trouble sleep ;

And where the soul shall find its youth, as wakening
from a dream :

One moment, and that realm is ours. On, on, dark-
rolling stream ! ”

JOAN OF ARC IN RHEIMS

[" JEANNE D'ARC avait eu la joie de voir à Chalons quelques amis de son enfance. Une joie plus ineffable encore l'attendait à Rheims, au sein de son triomphe : Jacques d'Arc, son père, y se trouva, aussitôt que de troupes de Charles VII. y furent entrées ; et comme les deux frères de notre héroïne l'avaient accompagnée, elle se vit pour un instant au milieu de sa famille, dans les bras d'un père vertueux."—*Vie de Jeanne d'Arc.*]

"Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame !
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earth-born frame
Above mortality :
Away ! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from Affection's spring !"

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When peal on peal of mighty music rolled
Forth from her thronged cathedral ; while around,
A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
Chained to a hush of wonder, though elate
With victory, listened at their temple's gate.
And what was done within ? Within, the light,
Through the rich gloom of pictured windows flowing,
Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight—
The chivalry of France their proud heads bowing
In martial vassalage ! While midst that ring,
And shadowed by ancestral tombs, a king

Received his birthright's crown. For this, the hymn
Swelled out like rushing waters, and the day
With the sweet censer's misty breath grew dim,
As through long aisles it floated o'er the array
Of arms and sweeping stoles. But who, alone
And unapproached, beside the altar-stone,
With the white banner forth like sunshine streaming,
And the gold helm through clouds of fragrance gleaming,
Silent and radiant stood? The helm was raised,
And the fair face revealed, that upward gazed,
Intensely worshipping—a still, clear face,
Youthful, but brightly solemn! Woman's cheek
And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,
Yet glorified, with inspiration's trace
On its pure paleness; while, enthroned above,
The pictured Virgin, with her smile of love,
Seemed bending o'er her votaress. That slight form!
Was that the leader through the battle-storm?
Had the soft light in that adoring eye
Guided the warrior where the swords flashed high?
'Twas so, even so!—and thou, the shepherd's child,
Joanne, the lowly dreamer of the wild!
Never before, and never since that hour,
Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,
Stood forth as *thou* beside the shrine didst stand,
Holy amidst the knighthood of the land,
And, beautiful with joy and with renown,
Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
Ransomed for France by thee!

The rites are done.

Now let the dome with trumpet-notes be shaken,
And bid the echoes of the tomb awaken;

And come thou forth, that heaven's rejoicing sun
May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies,
Daughter of Victory ! A triumphant strain,
A proud rich stream of warlike melodies,
Gushed through the portals of the antique fane,
And forth she came. Then rose a nation's sound.
Oh ! what a power to bid the quick heart bound,
The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer
Man gives to Glory on her high career !
Is there indeed such power ?—far deeper dwells
In one kind household voice, to reach the cells
Whence happiness flows forth ! The shouts that filled
The hollow heaven tempestuously, were stilled
One moment ; and in that brief pause, the tone,
As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,
Sank on the bright maid's heart. "Joanne!"—Who spoke
Like those whose childhood with *her* childhood grew
Under one roof ? "Joanne !"—*that* murmur broke
With sounds of weeping forth ! She turned—she knew
Beside her, marked from all the thousands there,
In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
The stately shepherd ; and the youth, whose joy
From his dark eye flashed proudly ; and the boy,
The youngest born, that ever loved her best :—
"Father ! and ye, my brothers !" On the breast
Of that gray sire she sank—and swiftly back,
Even in an instant, to their native track
Her free thoughts flowed. She saw the pomp no more,
The plumes, the banners : to her cabin-door,
And to the Fairy's Fountain in the glade, *

* A beautiful fountain, near Domremi, believed to be haunted by fairies, and a favourite resort of Jeanne d'Arc in her childhood.

Where her young sisters by her side had played,
And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
Her spirit turned. The very wood-note, sung
In early spring-time by the bird, which dwelt
Where o'er her father's roof the beech-leaves hung,
Was in her heart ; a music heard and felt,
Winning her back to nature. She unbound
The helm of many battles from her head,
And, with her bright locks bowed to sweep the ground,
Lifting her voice up, wept for joy and said—
“ Bless me, my father ! bless me ! and with thee,
To the still cabin and the beechen tree,
Let me return ! ”

Oh ! never did thine eye
Through the green haunts of happy infancy
Wander again, Joanne ! Too much of fame
Had shed its radiance on thy peasant name ;
And bought alone by gifts beyond all price—
The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
Of home, with all its loves—doth fate allow
The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

PAULINE

"To die for what we love! Oh! there is power
In the true heart, and pride, and joy, for this.
Is to live without the vanished light
That strength is needed."

"Codi trapassa al trapassar d'un Giorno
Della vite mortal il fiore e'l verde."—TASSO.

ALONG the starlit Seine went music swelling,
Till the air thrilled with its exulting mirth;
Proudly it floated, even as if no dwelling
For cares or stricken hearts were found on earth;
And a glad sound the measure lightly beat,
A happy chime of many dancing feet.

For in a palace of the land that night,
Lamps, and fresh roses, and green leaves were hung;
And from the painted walls, a stream of light
On flying forms beneath soft splendour flung;
But loveliest far amidst the revel's pride
Was one—the Lady from the Danube side.*

* The Princess Pauline Schwartzenberg. The story of her fate is beautifully related in Madame de Stael's *L'Allemagne*, vol. iii. p. 336.

Pauline, the meekly bright ! though now no more
Her clear eye flashed with youth's all-tameless glee,
Yet something holier than its dayspring wore,
There in soft rest lay beautiful to see ;
A charm with graver, tenderer, sweetness fraught—
The blending of deep love and matron thought.

Through the gay throng she moved, serenely fair,
And such calm joy as fills a moonlight sky
Sat on her brow beneath its graceful hair,
As her young daughter in the dance went by,
With the fleet step of one that yet hath known
Smiles and kind voices in this world alone.

Lurked there no secret boding in her breast ?
Did no faint whisper warn of evil nigh ?
Such oft awake when most the heart seems blest
Midst the light laughter of festivity.
Whence come those tones ? Alas ! enough we know
To mingle fear with all triumphal show !

Who spoke of evil when young feet were flying
In fairy rings around the echoing hall ?
Soft airs through braided locks in perfume sighing,
Glad pulses beating unto music's call ?
Silence !—the minstrels pause—and, hark ! a sound,
A strange quick rustling which their notes had drowned !

And lo, a light upon the dancers breaking !—
Not such their clear and silvery lamps had shed !
From the gay dream of revelry awaking,
One moment holds them still in breathless dread.
The wild fierce lustre grows : then bursts a cry—
“ *Fire !* ” through the hall and round it gathering—“ Fly ! ”

And forth they rush, as chased by sword and spear,
To the green coverts of the garden bowers—
A gorgeous masque of pageantry and fear,
Startling the birds and trampling down the flowers :
While from the dome behind red sparkles driven
Pierce the dark stillness of the midnight heaven.

And where is she—Pauline ? The hurrying throng
Have swept her onward, as a stormy blast
Might sweep some faint o'erwearied bird along—
Till now the threshold of that death is past,
And free she stands beneath the starry skies,
Calling her child—but no sweet voice replies.

“Bertha ! where art thou ? Speak ! oh ! speak, my own !”
Alas ! unconscious of her pangs the while,
The gentle girl, in fear's cold grasp alone,
Powerless had sunk within the blazing pile ;
A young bright form, decked gloriously for death,
With flowers all shrinking from the flame's fierce breath !

But oh ! thy strength, deep love ! There is no power
To stay the mother from that rolling grave,
Though fast on high the fiery volumes tower,
And forth like banners from each lattice wave .
Back, back she rushes through a host combined—
Mighty is anguish, with affection twined !

And what bold step may follow, midst the roar
Of the red billows, o'er their prey that rise ?
None !—Courage there stood still—and never more
Did those fair forms emerge on human eyes !
Was one bright meeting theirs, one wild farewell ?
And died they heart to heart ?—Oh ! who can tell ?

Freshly and cloudlessly the morning broke
On that sad palace, midst its pleasure-shades ;
Its painted roofs had sunk—yet black with smoke
And lonely stood its marble colonnades :
But yester eve their shafts with wreaths were bound,
Now lay the scene one shrivelled scroll around !

And bore the ruins no recording trace
Of all that woman's heart had dared and done ?
Yes ! there were gems to mark its mortal place,
That forth from dust and ashes dimly shone !
Those had the mother, on her gentle breast,
Worn round her child's fair image, there at rest.

And they were all !—the tender and the true
Left this alone her sacrifice to prove,
Hallowing the spot where mirth once lightly flew,
To deep lone chastened thoughts of grief and love.
Oh ! we have need of patient faith below,
To clear away the mysteries of such woe !

J U A N A

[JUANA, mother of the Emperor Charles V., upon the death of her husband, Philip the Handsome of Austria, who had treated her with uniform neglect, had his body laid upon a bed of state, in a magnificent dress ; and being possessed with the idea that it would revive, watched it for a length of time, incessantly waiting for the moment of returning life.]

"It is but dust thou look'st upon. This love,
This wild and passionate idolatry,
What doth it in the shadow of the grave ?
Gather it back within thy lonely heart.
So must it ever end : too much we give
Unto the things that perish."

THE night-wind shook the tapestry round an ancient
palace room,
And torches, as it rose and fell, waved through the
gorgeous gloom,
And o'er a shadowy regal couch threw fitful gleams and
red,
Where a woman with long raven hair sat watching by
the dead.
Pale shone the features of the dead, yet glorious still
to see,
Like a hunter or a chief struck down while his heart
and step were free :

No shroud he wore, no robe of death, but there majestic
lay,
Proudly and sadly glittering in royalty's array.

But she that with the dark hair watched by the cold
slumberer's side,
On *her* wan cheek no beauty dwelt, and in her garb no
pride ;
Only her full impassioned eyes, as o'er that clay she
bent,
A wildness and a tenderness in strange resplendence
blent.
And as the swift thoughts crossed her soul, like shadows
of a cloud,
Amidst the silent room of death the dreamer spoke
aloud ;
She spoke to him that could not hear, and cried,
"Thou yet wilt wake,
And learn my watchings and my tears, beloved one !
for thy sake.
They told me this was death, but well I knew it could
not be ;
Fairest and stateliest of the earth ! who spoke of death
for *thee* ?
They would have wrapped the funeral shroud thy
gallant form around,
But I forbade—and there thou art, a monarch, robed
and crowned !
With all thy bright locks gleaming still, their coronal
beneath,
And thy brow so proudly beautiful—who said that this
was death ?
Silence hath been upon thy lips, and stillness round
thee long,

But the hopeful spirit in my breast is all undimmed
and strong.
I know thou hast not loved me yet ; I am not fair
like thee,
The very glance of whose clear eye threw round a light
of glee !
A frail and drooping form is mine—a cold unsmiling
cheek—
Oh ! I have but a woman's heart wherewith *thy* heart
to seek.
But when thou wakest, my prince, my lord ! and
hear'st how I have kept
A lonely vigil by thy side, and o'er thee prayed and
wept—
How in one long deep dream of thee my nights and
days have past—
Surely that humble patient love *must* win back love at
last !
And thou wilt smile—my own, my own shall be the
sunny smile,
Which brightly fell, and joyously, on all *but* me
erewhile !
No more in vain affection's thirst my weary soul shall
pine—
Oh ! years of hope deferred were paid by one fond
glance of thine !
Thou'lt meet me with that radiant look when thou
comest from the chase—
For me, for me, in festal halls it shall kindle o'er thy
face !
Thou'lt reck no more though beauty's gift mine aspect
may not bless ;
In thy kind eyes this deep, deep love shall give me
loveliness.

But wake ! my heart within me burns, yet once more
to rejoice
In the sound to which it ever leaped, the music of thy
voice.
Awake ! I sit in solitude, that thy first look and
tone,
And the gladness of thine opening eyes, may all be
mine alone."

In the still chambers of the dust, thus poured forth
day by day,
The passion of that loving dream from a troubled soul
found way,
Until the shadows of the grave had swept o'er every
grace
Left midst the awfulness of death on the princely form
and face.
And slowly broke the fearful truth upon the watcher's
breast,
And they bore away the royal dead with requiems to
his rest,
With banners and with knightly plumes all waving in
the wind—
But a woman's broken heart was left in its lone despair
behind.

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL

"A fearful gift upon thy heart is laid,
Woman!—a power to suffer and to love;
Therefore thou so canst pity."

WILDLY and mournfully the Indian drum
On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke :
"Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come"—
So the Red warriors to their captive spoke.
Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,
A youth, a fair-haired youth of England stood,
Like a king's son ; though from his cheek had flown
The mantling crimson of the Island blood,
And his pressed lips looked marble. Fiercely bright
And high around him blazed the fires of night,
Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,
As the wind passed, and with a fitful glow
Lighting the victim's face : but who could tell
Of what within his secret heart befell,
Known but to heaven that hour? Perchance a thought
Of his far home then so intensely wrought,
That its full image, pictured to his eye,
On the dark ground of mortal agony
Rose clear as day !—and he might *see* the band
Of his young sisters wandering hand in hand,

Where the laburnums drooped ; or haply binding
The jasmine up the door's low pillars winding ;
Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,
Gathering, with braided hair, around the hearth,
Where sat their mother ; and that mother's face
Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place
Where so it ever smiled ! Perchance the prayer
Learned at her knee came back on his despair !
The blessing from her voice, the very tone
Of her "Good-night" might breathe from boyhood gone !

He started and looked up. Thick cypress boughs,
Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, darkly red
In the broad stormy firelight ; savage brows,
With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,
Girt him like feverish phantoms ; and pale stars
Looked through the branches as through dungeon bars,
Shedding no hope. He knew, he felt his doom—
Oh ! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
That happy hall in England. Idle fear !
Would the winds tell it ? Who might dream or hear
The secret of the forests ? To the stake
They bound him ; and that proud young soldier strove
His father's spirit in his breast to wake,
Trusting to die in silence ! He, the love
Of many hearts !—the fondly reared—the fair,
Gladdening all eyes to see ! And fettered there
He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
Flamed up to light it in the chieftain's hand.
He thought upon his God. Hush ! hark !—a cry
Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity.
A step hath pierced the ring ! Who dares intrude
On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood ?

A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-like child
Of green savannas and the leafy wild,
Springing unmarked till then, as some lone flower,
Happy because the sunshine is its dower ;
Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,
For *hers* had mourned a playmate-brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong ;
And, by its passion's deepening fervour swayed,
Even to the stake she rushed, and gently laid
His bright head on her bosom, and around
His form her slender arms to shield it wound
Like close Liannes ; then raised her glittering eye,
And clear-toned voice, that said, " He shall not die !"
" He shall not die !"—The gloomy forest thrilled
To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
On the fierce throng ; and heart and hand were stilled,
Struck down as by the whisper of a spell.
They gazed : their dark souls bowed before the maid,
She of the dancing step in wood and glade !
And, as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
Something o'ermastered them from that young mien—
Something of heaven, in silence felt and seen ;
And seeming, to their childlike faith, a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.
They loosed the bonds that held their captive's breath ;
From his pale lips they took the cup of death ;
They quenched the brand beneath the cypress tree :
" Away," they cried, " young stranger ! thou art free."

COSTANZA

"Art thou then desolate?
Of friends, of hopes forsaken? Come to me!
I am thine own. Have trusted hearts proved false?
Flatterers deceived thee? Wanderer, come to me!
Why didst thou ever leave me? Know'st thou all
I would have borne, and called it joy to bear,
For thy sake? Know'st thou that thy voice hath power
To shake me with a thrill of happiness
By one kind tone?—to fill mine eyes with tears
Of yearning love? And thou—oh! thou didst throw
That crushed affection back upon my heart.
Yet come to me!—it died not."

SHE knelt in prayer. A stream of sunset fell
Through the stained window of her lonely cell,
And with its rich, deep, melancholy glow,
Flushing her cheek and pale Madonna brow,
While o'er her long hair's flowing jet it threw
Bright waves of gold—the autumn forest's hue—
Seemed all a vision's mist of glory, spread
By painting's touch around some holy head,
Virgin's or fairest martyr's. In her eye,
Which glanced as dark clear water to the sky,
What solemn fervour lived! And yet what woe
Lay like some buried thing, still seen below
The glassy tide! Oh! he that could reveal
What life had taught that chastened heart to feel,


Might speak indeed of woman's blighted years,
And wasted love, and vainly bitter tears !
But she had told her griefs to Heaven alone,
And of the gentle saint no more was known,
Than that she fled the world's cold breath, and made
A temple of the pine and chestnut shade,
Filling its depths with soul, whene'er her hymn
Rose through each murmur of the green, and dim,
And ancient solitude ; where hidden streams
Went moaning through the grass, like sounds in dreams—
Music for weary hearts ! Midst leaves and flowers
She dwelt, and knew all secrets of their powers,
All nature's balms, wherewith her gliding tread
To the sick peasant on his lowly bed
Came and brought hope ! while scarce of mortal birth
He deemed the pale fair form that held on earth
Communion but with grief.

Ere long a cell,
A rock-hewn chapel rose, a cross of stone
Gleamed through the dark trees o'er a sparkling well ;
And a sweet voice, of rich yet mournful tone,
Told the Calabrian wilds that duly there
Costanza lifted her sad heart in prayer.
And now 'twas prayer's own hour. That voice again
Through the dim foliage sent its heavenly strain,
That made the cypress quiver where it stood,
In day's last crimson soaring from the wood
Like spiry flame. But as the bright sun set,
Other and wilder sounds in tumult met
The floating song. Strange sounds !—the trumpet's peal,
Made hollow by the rocks ; the clash of steel ;
The rallying war-cry. In the mountain-pass

There had been combat ; blood was on the grass,
Banners had strewn the waters ; chiefs lay dying,
And the pine branches crashed before the flying.
And all was changed within the still retreat,
Costanza's home : there entered hurrying feet,
Dark looks of shame and sorrow—mail-clad men,
Stern fugitives from that wild battle-glen,
Scaring the ringdoves from the porch roof, bore
A wounded warrior in. The rocky floor
Gave back deep echoes to his clanging sword,
As there they laid their leader, and implored
The sweet saint's prayers to heal him : then for flight,
Through the wide forest and the mantling night,
Sped breathlessly again. They passed ; but he,
The stateliest of a host—alas ! to see
What mother's eyes have watched in rosy sleep,
Till joy, for very fulness, turned to weep,
Thus changed !—a fearful thing ! His golden crest
Was shivered, and the bright scarf on his breast—
Some costly love-gift—rent : but what of these ?
There were the clustering raven locks—the breeze,
As it came in through lime and myrtle flowers,
Might scarcely lift them,—steeped in bloody showers,
So heavily upon the pallid clay
Of the damp cheek they hung. The eyes' dark ray,
Where was it ? And the lips !—they gasped apart,
With their light curve, as from the chisel's art,
Still proudly beautiful ! But that white hue—
Was it not death's ?—that stillness—that cold dew
On the scarred forehead ? No ! his spirit broke
From its deep trance ere long, yet but awoke
To wander in wild dreams ; and there he lay,
By the fierce fever as a green reed shaken,

The haughty chief of thousands—the forsaken
Of all save one. *She* fled not. Day by day—
Such hours are woman's birthright—she, unknown,
Kept watch beside him, fearless and alone ;
Binding his wounds, and oft in silence laving
His brow with tears that mourned the strong man's raving.
He felt them not, nor marked the light veiled form
Still hovering nigh ! yet sometimes, when that storm
Of frenzy sank, her voice, in tones as low
As a young mother's by the cradle singing,
Would soothe him with sweet *Aves*, gently bringing
Moments of slumber, when the fiery glow
Ebbd from his hollow cheek.

At last faint gleams
Of memory dawned upon the cloud of dreams ;
And feebly lifting, as a child, his head,
And gazing round him from his leafy bed,
He murmured forth—"Where am I ? What soft strain
Passed like a breeze across my burning brain ?
Back from my youth it floated, with a tone
Of life's first music, and a thought of one—
Where is she now ? and where the gauds of pride,
Whose hollow splendour lured me from her side ?
All lost ! And this is death !—I *cannot* die
Without forgiveness from that mournful eye !
Away ! the earth hath lost her. Was she born
To brook abandonment, to strive with scorn ?
My first, my holiest love ! Her broken heart
Lies low, and I—unpardoned I depart."



But then Costanza raised the shadowy veil
From her dark locks and features brightly pale,

And stood before him with a smile—oh ! ne'er
Did aught that *smiled* so much of sadness wear—
And said, “ Cesario ! look on me ; I live
To say my heart hath bled, and can forgive.
I loved thee with such worship, such deep trust,
As should be heaven's alone—and heaven is just !
I bless thee—be at peace ! ”

But o'er his frame
Too fast the strong tide rushed—the sudden shame,
The joy, the amaze ! He bowed his head—it fell
On the wronged bosom which had loved so well !
And love, still perfect, gave him refuge there—
His last faint breath just waved her floating hair.

MADLINE

A DOMESTIC TALE

“ Who should it be ?—Where shouldst thou look for kindness ?
When we are sick, where can we turn for succour ;
When we are wretched, where can we complain ;
And when the world looks cold and surly on us,
Where can we go to meet a warmer eye
With such sure confidence as to a mother ? ”—JOANNA BAILLIE.

“ My child, my child ! thou leavest me. I shall hear
The gentle voice no more that blest mine ear
With its first utterance. I shall miss the sound
Of thy light step amidst the flowers around,
And thy soft-breathing hymn at twilight’s close,
And thy ‘ Good-night ’ at parting for repose.
Under the vine-leaves I shall sit alone,
And the low breeze will have a mournful tone
Amidst their tendrils, while I think of thee,
My child ! and thou, along the moonlight sea,
With a soft sadness haply in thy glance,
Shalt watch thine own, thy pleasant land of France.
Fading to air. Yet blessings with thee go !
Love guard thee, gentlest ! and the exile’s woe
From thy young heart be far ! And sorrow not
For me, sweet daughter ! in my lonely lot,

God shall be with me. Now, farewell ! farewell !
Thou that hast been what words may never tell
Unto thy mother's bosom, since the days
When thou wert pillowed there, and wont to raise
In sudden laughter thence thy loving eye
That still sought mine : those moments are gone by—
Thou too must go, my flower ! Yet with thee dwell
The peace of God ! One, one more gaze : farewell ! ”

This was a mother's parting with her child—
A young meek bride, on whom fair fortune smiled,
And wooed her with a voice of love away
From childhood's home : yet there, with fond delay,
She lingered on the threshold, heard the note
Of her caged bird through trellised rose-leaves float,
And fell upon her mother's neck and wept,
Whilst old remembrances, that long had slept,
Gushed o'er her soul, and many a vanished day,
As in one picture traced, before her lay.

But the farewell was said ; and on the deep,
When its breast heaved in sunset's golden sleep,
With a calmed heart, young Madeline ere long
Poured forth her own sweet, solemn vespersong,
Breathing of home. Through stillness heard afar,
And duly rising with the first pale star,
That voice was on the waters ; till at last
The sounding ocean-solitudes were passed,
And the bright land was reached, the youthful world
That glows along the West ; the sails were furled
In its clear sunshine, and the gentle bride
Looked on the home that promised hearts untried
A bower of bliss to come. Alas ! we trace

The map of our own paths, and long ere years
With their dull steps the brilliant lines efface,
On sweeps the storm, and blots them out with tears !
That home was darkened soon : the summer breeze
Welcomed with death the wanderers from the seas :
Death unto one, and anguish—how forlorn !
To her that, widowed in her marriage morn,
Sat in her voiceless dwelling, whence with him,
Her bosom's first beloved, her friend and guide,
Joy had gone forth, and left the green earth dim,
As from the sun shut out on every side
By the close veil of misery. Oh ! but ill,
When with rich hopes o'erfraught, the young high heart
Bears its first blow ! It knows not yet the part
Which life will teach—to suffer and be still,
And with submissive love to count the flowers
Which yet are spared, and through the future hours
To send no busy dream ! *She* had not learned
Of sorrow till that hour, and therefore turned
In weariness from life. Then came the unrest,
The heart-sick yearning of the exile's breast,
The haunting sounds of voices far away,
And household steps : until at last she lay
On her lone couch of sickness, lost in dreams
Of the gay vineyards and blue rushing streams
In her own sunny land ; and murmuring oft
Familiar names, in accents wild yet soft,
To strangers round that bed, who knew not aught
Of the deep spells wherewith each word was fraught.
To strangers ? Oh ! could strangers raise the head
Gently as *hers* was raised ! Did strangers shed
The kindly tears which bathed that feverish brow
And wasted cheek with half-unconscious flow ?

Something was there that, through the lingering night,
Outwatches patiently the taper's light—
Something that faints not through the day's distress,
That fears not toil, that knows not weariness—
Love, true and perfect love ! Whence came that power,
Uprearing through the storm the drooping flower ?
Whence ?—who can ask ! The wild delirium passed,
And from her eyes the spirit looked at last
Into her *mother's* face, and wakening knew
The brow's calm grace, the hair's dear silvery hue,
The kind sweet smile of old ! And had *she* come,
Thus in life's evening from her distant home,
To save her child ? Even so—nor yet in vain ;
In that young heart a light sprang up again,
And lovely still, with so much love to give,
Seemed this fair world, though faded : still to live
Was not to pine forsaken. On the breast
That rocked her childhood, sinking in soft rest,
“ Sweet mother ! gentlest mother ! can it be ? ”
The lorn one cried, “ and do I look on thee ?
Take back thy wanderer from this fatal shore :
Peace shall be ours beneath our vines once more.”

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB

[" THIS tomb is in the garden of Charlottenburg, near Berlin. It was not without surprise that I came suddenly, among trees, upon a fair white Doric temple. I might and should have deemed it a mere adornment of the grounds, but the cypress and the willow declare it a habitation of the dead. Upon a sarcophagus of white marble lay a sheet, and the outline of the human form was plainly visible beneath its folds. The person with me reverently turned it back, and displayed the statue of his queen. It is a portrait statue recumbent, said to be a perfect resemblance—not as in death, but when she lived to bless and be blessed. Nothing can be more calm and kind than the expression of her features. The hands are folded on the bosom ; the limbs are sufficiently crossed to show the repose of life. Here the king brings her children annually, to offer garlands at her grave. These hang in withered mournfulness above this living image of their departed mother."—SHERER'S *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.*]

. . . "In sweet pride upon that insult keen
She smiled ; then drooping mute and brokenhearted,
To the cold comfort of the grave departed."—MILMAN.

It stands where northern willows weep,
A temple fair and lone ;
Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep,
From cypress branches thrown ;
While silently around it spread,
Thou feel'st the presence of the dead.

And what within is richly shrined ?
A sculptured woman's form,
Lovely, in perfect rest reclined,
As one beyond the storm :
Yet not of death, but slumber, lies
The solemn sweetness on those eyes.

The folded hands, the calm pure face,
The mantle's quiet flow,
The gentle yet majestic grace
Throned on the matron brow ;
These, in that scene of tender gloom,
With a still glory robe the tomb.

There stands an eagle, at the feet
Of the fair image wrought ;
A kingly emblem—not unmeet
To wake yet deeper thought :
She whose high heart finds rest below
Was royal in her birth and woe.

There are pale garlands hung above,
Of dying scent and hue ;
She was a mother—in her love
How sorrowfully true !
Oh ! hallowed long be every leaf,
The record of her children's grief !

She saw their birthright's warrior-crown
Of olden glory spoiled,
The standard of their sires borne down,
The shield's bright blazon soiled :

She met the tempest meekly brave,
Then turned o'erwearied to the grave.

She slumbered : but it came—it came,
Her land's redeeming hour,
With the glad shout, and signal flame
Sent on from tower to tower.
Fast through the realm a spirit moved—
'Twas hers, the lofty and the loved !

Then was her name a note that rung
To rouse bold hearts from sleep ;
Her memory, as a banner flung
Forth by the Baltic deep ;
Her grief, a bitter vial poured
To sanctify the avenger's sword.

And the crowned eagle spread again
His pinion to the sun ;
And the strong land shook off its chain—
So was the triumph won !
But woe for earth, where sorrow's tone
Still blends with victory's—*She* was gone !

THE MEMORIAL PILLAR

[ON the road-side, between Penrith and Appleby, stands a small pillar, with this inscription :—“This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess-Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess-Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d April 1616.”—See Notes to the *Pleasures of Memory*.]

MOTHER and child ! whose blending tears
Have sanctified the place,
Where, to the love of many years,
Was given one last embrace—
Oh ! ye have shrined a spell of power
Deep in your record of that hour !

A spell to waken solemn thought—
A still, small under-tone,
That calls back days of childhood, fraught
With many a treasure gone ;
And smites, perchance, the hidden source,
Though long untroubled—of remorse.

For who, that gazes on the stone
Which marks your parting spot,

Who but a mother's love hath known—
The *one* love changing not !
Alas ! and haply learned its worth
First with the sound of "Earth to earth !"

But thou, high-hearted daughter ! thou,
O'er whose bright honoured head
Blessings and tears of holiest flow
E'en here were fondly shed—
Thou from the passion of thy grief,
In its full burst, couldst draw relief.

For, oh ! though painful be the excess,
The might wherewith it swells,
In nature's fount no bitterness
Of nature's mingling dwells ;
And thou hadst not, by wrong or pride,
Poisoned the free and healthful tide.

But didst thou meet the face no more
Which thy young heart first knew !
And all—was all in this world o'er
With ties thus close and true ?
It was ! On earth no other eye
Could give thee back thine infancy.

No other voice could pierce the maze
Where, deep within thy breast,
The sounds and dreams of other days
With memory lay at rest ;
No other smile to thee could bring
A gladdening, like the breath of spring.

Yet, while thy place of weeping still
 Its lone memorial keeps,
While on thy name, midst wood and hill,
 The quiet sunshine sleeps,
And touches, in each graven line,
Of reverential thought a sign ;

Can I, while yet these tokens wear
 The impress of the dead,
Think of the love embodied there
 As of a vision fled ?
A perished thing, the joy and flower
And glory of one earthly hour?

Not so !—I will not bow me so
 To thoughts that breathe despair !
A loftier faith we need below,
 Life's farewell words to bear.
Mother and child ! your tears are past—
Surely your hearts have met at last.

THE GRAVE OF A POETESS

["EXTRINSIC interest has lately attached to the fine scenery of Woodstock near Kilkenny, on account of its having been the last residence of the Author of *Psyche*. Her grave is one of many in the churchyard of the village. The river runs smoothly by. The ruins of an ancient abbey, that have been partially converted into a church, reverently throw their mantle of tender shadow over it."—*Tales by the O'Hara Family*.]

I stood beside thy lowly grave ;
Spring odours breathed around,
And music in the river-wave
Passed with a lulling sound.

All happy things that love the sun
In the bright air glanced by,
And a glad murmur seemed to run
Through the soft azure sky.

Fresh leaves were on the ivy bough
That fringed the ruins near ;
Young voices were abroad—but thou
Their sweetness couldst not hear.

And mournful grew my heart for thee !
Thou, in whose woman's mind
The ray that brightens earth and sea,
The light of song was shrined.

Mournful, that thou wert slumbering low,
With a dread curtain drawn
Between thee and the golden glow
Of this world's vernal dawn.

Parted from all the song and bloom
Thou wouldst have loved so well,
To thee the sunshine round thy tomb
Was but a broken spell.

The bird, the insect on the wing,
In their bright reckless play,
Might feel the flush and life of spring—
And thou wert passed away.

But then, even then, a nobler thought
O'er my vain sadness came ;
The immortal spirit woke, and wrought
Within my thrilling frame.

Surely on lovelier things, I said,
Thou must have looked ere now,
Than all that round our pathway shed
Odours and hues below.

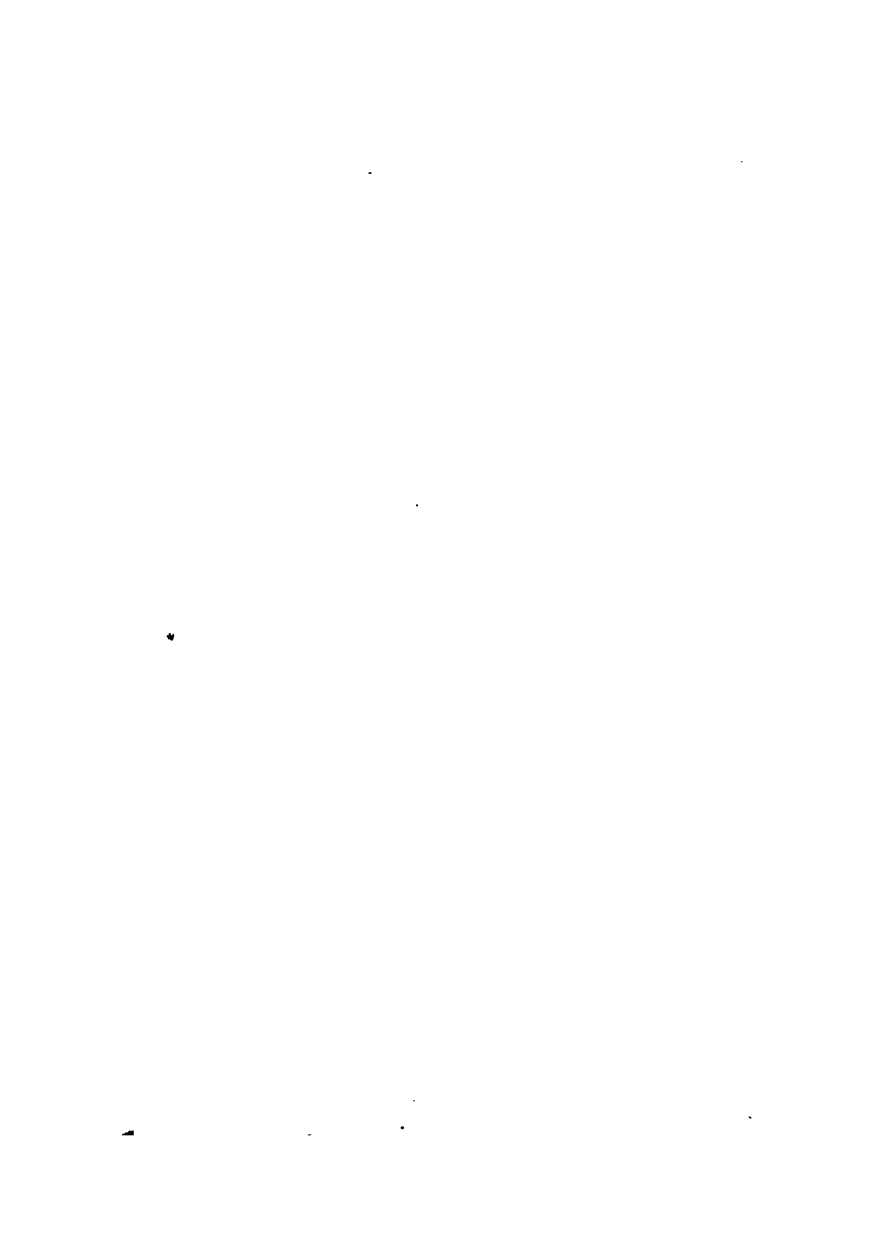
The shadows of the tomb are here,
Yet beautiful is earth !

What see'st thou, then, where no dim fear,
No haunting dream hath birth !

Here a vain love to passing flowers
Thou gavest ; but where thou art,
The sway is not with changeful hours—
There Love and Death must part.

Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud but deep :
The glorious bowers of earth among,
How often didst thou weep !

Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground
Thy tender thoughts and high ?—
Now peace the woman's heart hath found,
And joy the poet's eye.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND

"Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?"—MARMION.

THE stately homes of England !
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land !
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam ;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light !

There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England !
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours !
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn ;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England !
By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves ;
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England !
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall !
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God !

THE SICILIAN CAPTIVE

"I have dreamt thou wert
A captive in thy hopelessness ; afar
From the sweet home of thy young infancy,
Whose image into thee is as a dream
Of fire and slaughter. I can see thee wasting,
Sick for thy native air."—L. E. L.

THE champions had come from their fields of war,
Over the crests of the billows far ;
They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,
Where the deep had foamed to their flashing oars.

They sat at their feast round the Norse king's board ;
By the glare of the torch-light the mead was poured ;
The hearth was heaped with the pine-boughs high,
And it flung a red radiance on shields thrown by.

The Scalds had chanted in Runic rhyme
Their songs of the sword and the olden time ;
And a solemn thrill, as the harp-chords rung,
Had breathed from the walls where the bright spears hung.

But the swell was gone from the quivering string :
They had summoned a softer voice to sing ;
And a captive girl, at the warriors' call,
Stood forth in the midst of that frowning hall.

Lonely she stood ; in her mournful eyes
Lay the clear midnight of southern skies ;
And the drooping fringe of their lashes low
Half-veiled a depth of unfathomed woe.

Stately she stood—though her fragile frame
Seemed struck with the blight of some inward flame,
And her proud pale brow had a shade of scorn,
Under the waves of her dark hair worn.

And a deep flush passed, like a crimson haze,
O'er her marble cheek by the pine-fire's blaze—
No soft hue caught from the south wind's breath,
But a token of fever at strife with death.

She had been torn from her home away,
With her long locks crowned for her bridal day,
And brought to die of the burning dreams
That haunt the exile by foreign streams.

They bade her sing of her distant land—
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,
Till the spirit its blue skies had given her woke,
And the stream of her voice into music broke.


Faint was the strain in its first wild flow—
Troubled its murmur, and sad and low ; .
But it swelled into deeper power ere long,
As the breeze that swept o'er her soul grew strong.

“ They bid me sing of thee, mine own, my sunny land !
of thee !

Am I not parted from thy shores by the mournful-
sounding sea ?

Doth not thy shadow wrap my soul ? In silence let me
die,

In a voiceless dream of thy silvery founts, and thy pure,
deep sapphire sky.



How should thy lyre give *here* its wealth of buried
sweetness forth—

Its tones of summer's breathings born, to the wild
winds of the north ?

“ Yet thus it shall be once, once more ! My spirit shall
awake,

And through the mists of death shine out, my country !
for thy sake ;

That I may make *thee* known, with all the beauty and
the light,

And the glory never more to bless thy daughter's
yearning sight !

Thy woods shall whisper in my song, thy bright streams
warble by,

Thy soul flow o'er my lips again—yet once, my Sicily !

“ There are blue heavens—far hence, far hence ! but
oh, their glorious blue !

Its very night is beautiful with the hyacinth's deep
hue !

It is above my own fair land, and round my laughing
home,

And arching o'er my vintage hills, they hang their cloud-
less dome ;

And making all the waves as gems, that melt along the
shore,

And steeping happy hearts in joy—that now is mine no
more.

“ And there are haunts in that green land—oh ! who
may dream or tell

Of all the shaded loveliness it hides in grot and dell ?

By fountains flinging rainbow-spray on dark and glossy
leaves,
And bowers wherein the forest-dove her nest untroubled
weaves ;
The myrtle dwells there, sending round the richness of
its breath,
And the violets gleam like amethysts from the dewy
moss beneath.

“ And there are floating sounds that fill the skies through
night and day—
Sweet sounds ! the soul to hear them faints in dreams
of heaven away ;
They wander through the olive woods, and o’er the
shining seas—
They mingle with the orange scents that load the sleepy
breeze.
Lute, voice, and bird are blending there,—it were a bliss
to die,
As dies a leaf, thy groves among, my flowery Sicily !

“ *I* may not thus depart—farewell ! Yet no, my
country ! no !
Is not love stronger than the grave ? I feel it must be
so !
My fleeting spirit shall o’ersweep the mountains and the
main,
And in thy tender starlight rove, and through thy woods
again.
Its passion deepens—it prevails !—I break my chain—
I come
To dwell a viewless thing, yet blest—in thy sweet air, my
home ! ”

And her pale arms dropped the ringing lyre—
 There came a mist o'er her eye's wild fire—
 And her dark rich tresses in many a fold,
 Loosed from their braids, down her bosom rolled.

For her head sank back on the rugged wall—
 A silence fell o'er the warriors' hall ;
 She had poured out her soul with her song's last tone :
 The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone !

IVAN THE CZAR

[“IVAN LE TERRIBLE, étant déjà devenu vieux, assiégeait Novgorod. Les Boyards, le voyant affaibli, lui demandèrent s'il ne voulait pas donner le commandement de l'assaut à son fils. Sa fureur fut si grande à cette proposition, que rien ne pût l'apaiser ; son fils se prosterna à ses pieds ; il le repoussa avec un coup d'une telle violence, que deux jours après le malheureux en mourut. Le père, alors au désespoir, devint indifférent à la guerre comme au pouvoir, et ne survécut que peu de mois à son fils.”—*Dix Années d'Exil, par MADAME DE STAEL.*]

“Gieb diesen Todten mir heraus. Ich muss
 Ihn wieder haben !
 Trostlose allmacht.
 Die nicht einmal in Gräber ihren arm
 Verlangern, eine kleine Ueberallung
 Mit Menschenleben nicht verbessern kann !”—SCHILLER.

He sat in silence on the ground,
 The old and haughty Czar,
 Lonely, though princes girt him round,
 And leaders of the war ;

He had cast his jewelled sabre,
That many a field had won,
To the earth beside his youthful dead—
His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed
Was laid that form of clay,
Where the light a stormy sunset shed
Through the rich tent made way;
And a sad and solemn beauty
On the pallid face came down,
Which the lord of nations mutely watched
In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last, of woe and fear,
From his full bosom broke—
A mournful thing it was to hear
How then the proud man spoke!
The voice that through the combat
Had shouted far and high,
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,
Burdened with agony.

“There is no crimson on thy cheek,
And on thy lip no breath;
I call thee, and thou dost not speak—
They tell me this is death!
And fearful things are whispering
That I the deed have done—
For the honour of thy father’s name,
Look up, look up, my son!

“Well might I know death’s hue and mien—
But on *thine* aspect, boy!

What, till this moment, have I seen
Save pride and tameless joy?
Swiftest thou wert to battle,
And bravest there of all—
How could I think a warrior's frame
Thus like a flower should fall?

"I will not bear that still cold look—
Rise up, thou fierce and free!
Wake as the storm wakes! I will brook
All, save this calm, from thee!
Lift brightly up, and proudly,
Once more thy kindling eyes!
Hath my word lost its power on earth?
I say to thee, arise!

"Didst thou not know I loved thee well?
Thou didst not! and art gone,
In bitterness of soul, to dwell
Where man must dwell alone.
Come back, young fiery spirit!
If but one hour, to learn
The secrets of the folded heart
That seemed to thee so stern.

"Thou wert the first, the first fair child
That in mine arms I pressed:
Thou wert the bright one, that hast smiled
Like summer on my breast!
I reared thee as an eagle,
To the chase thy steps I led,
I bore thee on my battle-horse,
I look upon thee—dead!

"Lay down my warlike banners here,
Never again to wave,
And bury my red sword and spear,
Chiefs ! in my first-born's grave !
And leave me !—I have conquered—
I have slain : my work is done !
Whom have I slain ? Ye answer not—
Thou too art mute, my son !"


And thus his wild lament was poured
Through the dark resounding night,
And the battle knew no more his sword,
Nor the foaming steed his might.
He heard strange voices moaning
In every wind that sighed ;
From the searching stars of heaven he shrank—
Humbly the conqueror died.

THE LADY OF THE CASTLE

FROM THE "PORTRAIT GALLERY," AN UNFINISHED POEM

"If there be but one spot on thy name,
One eye thou fearest to meet, one human voice
Whose tones thou shrinkest from—Woman ! veil thy face,
And bow thy head and die !"

THOU see'st her pictured with her shining hair,
(Famed were those tresses in Provençal song,)
Half braided, half o'er cheek and bosom fair
Let loose, and pouring sunny waves along



Her gorgeous vest. A child's light hand is roving
Midst the rich curls ; and, oh ! how meekly loving
Its earnest looks are lifted to the face
Which bends to meet its lip in laughing grace !
Yet that bright lady's eye, methinks, hath less
Of deep, and still, and pensive tenderness,
Than might beseem a mother's ; on her brow
Something too much there sits of native scorn,
And her smile kindles with a conscious glow
As from the thought of sovereign beauty born.
These may be dreams—but how shall woman tell
Of woman's shame, and not with tears ? She fell !
That mother left that child !—went hurrying by
Its cradle—haply not without a sigh,
Haply one moment o'er its rest serene
She hung. But no ! it could not thus have been,
For *she went on* !—forsook her home, her hearth,
All pure affection, all sweet household mirth,
To live a gaudy and dishonoured thing,
Sharing in guilt the splendours of a king.

Her lord, in very weariness of life,
Girt on his sword for scenes of distant strife.
He recked no more of glory : grief and shame
Crushed out his fiery nature, and his name
Died silently. A shadow o'er his halls
Crept year by year : the minstrel passed their walls ;
The warder's horn hung mute. Meantime the child
On whose first flowering thoughts no parent smiled,
A gentle girl, and yet deep-hearted, grew
Into sad youth ; for well, too well, she knew
Her mother's tale ! Its memory made the sky
Seem all too joyous for her shrinking eye ;

Checked on her lip the flow of song, which fain
Would there have lingered ; flushed her cheek to pain,
If met by sudden glance ; and gave a tone
Of sorrow, as for something lovely gone,
Even to the spring's glad voice. Her own was low
And plaintive. Oh ! there lie such depths of woe
In a *young* blighted spirit ! Manhood rears
A haughty brow, and age has done with tears ;
But youth bows down to misery, in amaze
At the dark cloud o'ermantling its fresh days ;—
And thus it was with her. A mournful sight
In one so fair—for she indeed was fair ;
Not with her mother's dazzling eyes of light—
Hers were more shadowy, full of thought and prayer,
And with long lashes o'er a white-rose cheek
Drooping in gloom, yet tender still and meek,
Still that fond child's—and oh ! the brow above
So pale and pure ! so formed for holy love
To gaze upon in silence ! But she felt
That love was not for her, though hearts would melt
Where'er she moved, and reverence mutely given
Went with her ; and low prayers, that called on heaven
To bless the young Isaure.

One sunny morn

With alms before her castle-gate she stood,
Midst peasant groups ; when, breathless and o'erworn,
And shrouded in long weeds of widowhood,
A stranger through them broke. The orphan maid,
With her sweet voice and proffered hand of aid,
Turned to give welcome ; but a wild sad look
Met hers—a gaze that all her spirit shook ;
And that pale woman, suddenly subdued

By some strong passion in its gushing mood,
Knelt at her feet, and bathed them with such tears
As rain the hoarded agonies of years
From the heart's urn ; and with her white lips pressed
The ground they trode ; then, burying in her vest
Her brow's deep flush, sobbed out—" O undefiled !
I am thy mother. Spurn me not, my child ! "

Isaure had prayed for that lost mother ; wept
O'er her stained memory, while the happy slept
In the hushed midnight ; stood with mournful gaze
Before yon picture's smile of other days,
But never breathed in human ear the name
Which weighed her being to the earth with shame.
What marvel if the anguish, the surprise,
The dark remembrances, the altered guise,
Awhile o'erpowered her ? From the weeper's touch
She shrank—'twas but a moment—yet too much
For that all-humbled one : its mortal stroke
Came down like lightning, and her full heart broke
At once in silence. Heavily and prone
She sank, while o'er her castle's threshold stone
Those long fair tresses—*they* still brightly wore
Their early pride, though bound with pearls no more—
Bursting their fillet, in sad beauty rolled,
And swept the dust with coils of wavy gold.

Her child bent o'er her—called her : 'twas too late—
Dead lay the wanderer at her own proud gate !
The joy of courts, the star of knight and bard—
How didst thou fall, O bright-haired Ermengarde !

CAROLAN'S PROPHECY

[“It is somewhat remarkable that Carolan, the Irish bard, even in his gayest mood, never could compose a planxty for a Miss Brett in the county of Sligo, whose father's house he frequented, and where he always met with a reception due to his exquisite taste and mental endowments. One day, after an unsuccessful attempt to compose something in a sprightly strain for this lady, he threw aside his harp with a mixture of rage and grief; and addressing himself in Irish to her mother, ‘Madam,’ said he, ‘I have often, from my great respect to your family, attempted a planxty in order to celebrate your daughter's perfections, but to no purpose. Some evil genius hovers over me; there is not a string in my harp that does not vibrate a melancholy sound when I set about this task. I fear she is not doomed to remain long among us; nay,’ said he emphatically, ‘she will not survive twelve months.’ The event verified the prediction, and the young lady died within the period limited by the unconsciously prophetic bard.”—*Percy Anecdotes*.]

“Thy cheek too swiftly flushes, o'er thine eye
The lights and shadows come and go too fast;
Thy tears gush forth too soon, and in thy voice
Are sounds of tenderness too passionate
For peace on earth: oh, therefore, child of song!
’Tis well thou shouldst depart.”

A sound of music from amidst the hills
Came suddenly, and died; a fitful sound
Of mirth, soon lost in wail. Again it rose,
And sank in mournfulness. There sat a bard
By a blue stream of Erin, where it swept
Flashing through rock and wood: the sunset's light
Was on his wavy, silver-gleaming hair,
And the wind's whisper in the mountain-ash,

Whose clusters drooped above. His head was bowed,
His hand was on his harp, yet thence its touch
Had drawn but broken strains; and many stood
Waiting around, in silent earnestness,
The unchaining of his soul, the gush of song—
Many and graceful forms !—yet one alone
Seemed present to his dream ; and she, indeed,
With her pale virgin brow, and changeful cheek,
And the clear starlight of her serious eyes,
Lovely amidst the flowing of dark locks
And pallid braiding flowers was beautiful,
Even painfully !—a creature to behold
With trembling midst our joy, lest aught unseen
Should waft the vision from us, leaving earth
Too dim without its brightness ! Did such fear
O'ershadow in that hour the gifted one,
By his own rushing stream ? Once more he gazed
Upon the radiant girl, and yet once more
From the deep chords his wandering hand brought out
A few short festive notes, an opening strain
Of bridal melody, soon dashed with grief—
As if some wailing spirit in the strings
Met and o'ermastered him ; but yielding then
To the strong prophet-impulse, mournfully,
Like moaning waters o'er the harp he poured
The trouble of his haunted soul, and sang—

“ Voice of the Grave !
I hear thy thrilling call ;
It comes in the dash of the foaming wave,
In the sere leaf's trembling fall !
In the shiver of the tree,
I hear thee, O thou Voice !

And I would thy warning were but for me,
That my spirit might rejoice.

“ But thou art sent
For the sad earth's young and fair,
For the graceful heads that have not bent
To the wintry hand of care !
They hear the wind's low sigh,
And the river sweeping free,
And the green reeds murmuring heavily,
And the woods—but they hear not thee !

“ Long have I striven
With my deep-foreboding soul,
But the full tide now its bounds hath riven,
And darkly on must roll.
There's a young brow smiling near,
With a bridal white-rose wreath—
Unto *me* it smiles from a flowery bier,
Touched solemnly by death !

“ Fair art thou, Morna !
The sadness of thine eye
Is beautiful as silvery clouds
On the dark-blue summer sky !
And thy voice comes like the sound
Of a sweet and hidden rill,
That makes the dim woods tuneful round—
But soon it must be still !

“ Silence and dust
On thy sunny lips must lie :
Make not the strength of Love thy trust,

A stronger yet is nigh !
No strain of festal flow
That my hand for thee hath tried,
But into dirge-notes wild and low
Its ringing tones have died.

“ Young art thou, Morna !
Yet on thy gentle head,
Like heavy dew on the lily's leaves,
A spirit hath been shed !
And the glance is thine which sees
Through nature's awful heart—
But bright things go with the summer breeze,
And thou too must depart !

“ Yet, shall I weep ?
I know that in thy breast
There swells a fount of song too deep,
Too powerful for thy rest !
And the bitterness I know,
And the chill of this world's breath—
Go—all undimmed in thy glory, go !
Young and crowned bride of death !

“ Take hence to heaven
The holy thoughts and bright,
And soaring hopes, that were not given
For the touch of mortal blight !
Might we follow in thy track,
This parting should not be !
But the spring shall give us violets back,
And every flower but thee ! ”

There was a burst of tears around the bard :
All wept but one—and she serenely stood,
With her clear brow and dark religious eye
Raised to the first faint star above the hills,
And cloudless ; though it might be that her cheek
Was paler than before. So Morna heard
The minstrel's prophecy.

And spring returned,
Bringing the earth her lovely things again—
All, save the loveliest far !—a voice, a smile,
A young sweet spirit gone.

THE MOURNER FOR THE BARMECIDES

"O good old man ! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,"
As YOU LIKE IT.

FALLEN was the house of Giafar ; and its name,
The high romantic name of Barmecide,
A sound forbidden on its own bright shores,
By the swift Tigris wave. Stern Haroun's wrath,
Sweeping the mighty with their fame away,
Had so passed sentence : but man's chainless heart
Hides that within its depths which never yet
The oppressor's thought could reach.

'Twas desolate
Where Giafar's halls, beneath the burning sun,
Spread out in ruin lay. The songs had ceased ;
The lights, the perfumes, and the genii tales

Had ceased ; the guests were gone. Yet still one voice
 Was there—the fountain's ; through those Eastern courts,
 Over the broken marble and the grass,
 Its low clear music shedding mournfully.

And still another voice ! An aged man,
 Yet with a dark and fervent eye beneath
 His silvery hair, came day by day, and sate
 On a white column's fragment ; and drew forth,
 From the forsaken walls and dim arcades,
 A tone that shook them with its answering thrill,
 To his deep accents. Many a glorious tale
 He told that sad yet stately solitude,
 Pouring his memory's fulness o'er its gloom,
 Like waters in the waste ; and calling up,
 By song or high recital of their deeds,
 Bright solemn shadows of its vanished race
 To people their own halls : with these alone,
 In all this rich and breathing world, his thoughts
 Held still unbroken converse. He had been
 Reared in this lordly dwelling, and was now
 The ivy of its ruins, unto which
 His fading life seemed bound. Day rolled on day,
 And from that scene the loneliness was fled ;
 For crowds around the gray-haired chronicler
 Met as men meet, within whose anxious hearts
 Fear with deep feeling strives ; till, as a breeze
 Wanders through forest branches, and is met
 By one quick sound and shiver of the leaves,
 The spirit of his passionate lament,
 As through their stricken souls it passed, awoke
 One echoing murmur. But this might not be
 Under a despot's rule ; and, summoned thence,

The dreamer stood before the Caliph's throne :
Sentenced to death he stood, and deeply pale,
And with his white lips rigidly compressed ;
Till, in submissive tones, he asked to speak
Once more, ere thrust from earth's fair sunshine forth.
Was it to sue for grace ? His burning heart
Sprang with a sudden lightning to his eye,
And he was changed !—and thus, in rapid words,
The o'ermastering thoughts, more strong than death,
found way :—

“ And shall I not rejoice to go, when the noble and
the brave,
With the glory on their brows, are gone before me to
the grave ?
What is there left to look on now, what brightness in
the land ?
I hold in scorn the faded world, that wants their
princely band !
My chiefs ! my chiefs ! the old man comes that in your
halls was nursed—
That followed you to many a fight, where flashed your
sabres first—
That bore your children in his arms, your name upon
his heart :
Oh ! must the music of that name with him from earth
depart ?
It shall not be ! A thousand tongues, though human
voice were still,
With that high sound the living air triumphantly shall
fill ;
The wind's free flight shall bear it on as wandering seeds
are sown,

And the starry midnight whisper it with a deep and
 thrilling tone.
 For it is not as a flower whose scent with the dropping
 leaves expires,
 And it is not as a household lamp, that a breath should
 quench its fires ;
 It is written on our battle-fields with the writing of the
 sword,
 It hath left upon our desert-sands a light in blessings
 poured.
 The founts, the many gushing founts which to the wild
 ye gave,
 Of you, my chiefs ! shall sing aloud, as they pour a
 joyous wave ;
 And the groves with whose deep lovely gloom ye hung
 the pilgrim's way,
 Shall send from all their sighing leaves your praises on
 the day.
 The very walls your bounty reared for the stranger's
 homeless head,
 Shall find a murmur to record your tale, my glorious
 dead !
 Though the grass be where ye feasted once, where lute
 and cittern rung,
 And the serpent in your palaces lie coiled amidst its
 young.
 It is enough ! Mine eye no more of joy or splendour
 sees—
 I leave your name in lofty faith to the skies and to the
 breeze !
 I go, since earth her flower hath lost, to join the bright
 and fair,
 And call the grave a kingly house, for ye, my chiefs !
 are there."

But while the old man sang, a mist of tears
O'er Haroun's eyes had gathered ; and a thought—
Oh ! many a sudden and remorseful thought—
Of his youth's once-loved friends, the martyred race,
O'erflowed his softening heart. "Live ! live !" he cried,
"Thou faithful unto death ! Live on, and still
Speak of thy lords : they *were* a princely band !"

THE SPANISH CHAPEL *

"Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's early morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a veil o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies."
MOORE.

I MADE a mountain-brook my guide
Through a wild Spanish glen,
And wandered on its grassy side,
Far from the homes of men.

It lured me with a singing tone
And many a sunny glance,
To a green spot of beauty lone,
A haunt for old romance ;

A dim and deeply-bosomed grove
Of many an aged tree,
Such as the shadowy violets love,
The fawn and forest-bee.

* Suggested by a scene beautifully described in the *Recollections of the Peninsula*.

The darkness of the chestnut-bough
There on the waters lay,
The bright stream reverently below
Checked its exulting play;

And bore a music all subdued,
And led a silvery sheen
On through the breathing solitude
Of that rich leafy scene.

For something viewlessly around
Of solemn influence dwelt,
In the soft gloom and whispery sound,
Not to be told but felt;

While, sending forth a quiet gleam
Across the wood's repose,
And o'er the twilight of the stream,
A lowly chapel rose.

A pathway to that still retreat
Through many a myrtle wound,
And there a sight—how strangely sweet!
My steps in wonder bound.

For on a brilliant bed of flowers,
Even at the threshold made,
As if to sleep through sultry hours,
A young fair child was laid.

To sleep?—Oh! ne'er, on childhood's eye
And silken lashes pressed,
Did the warm *living* slumber lie
With such a weight of rest!

Yet still a tender crimson glow
Its cheek's pure marble dyed—
'Twas but the light's faint streaming flow
Through roses heaped beside.

I stooped—the smooth round arm was chill,
The soft lip's breath was fled,
And the bright ringlets hung so still—
The lovely child was dead !

“Alas !” I cried, “fair faded thing !
Thou hast wrung bitter tears,
And thou hast left a woe, to cling
Round yearning hearts for years !”

But then a voice came sweet and low—
I turned, and near me sate
A woman with a mourner's brow,
Pale, yet not desolate.

And in her still, clear, matron face,
All solemnly serene,
A shadowed image I could trace
Of that young slumberer's mien.

“Stranger ! thou pitiest me,” she said
With lips that faintly smiled,
“As here I watch beside my dead,
My fair and precious child.

“But know, the time-worn heart may be
By pangs in this world riven,
Keener than theirs who yield, like me,
An angel thus to heaven !”

THE KAISER'S FEAST

[LOUIS, Emperor of Germany, having put his brother, the Palgrave Rodolphus, under the ban of the empire in the twelfth century, that unfortunate prince fled to England, where he died in neglect and poverty. "After his decease, his mother Matilda privately invited his children to return to Germany; and, by her mediation, during a season of festivity, when Louis kept wassail in the Castle of Heidelberg, the family of his brother presented themselves before him in the garb of suppliants, imploring pity and forgiveness. To this appeal the victor softened."—*Miss Benger's Memoirs of the Queen of Bohemia.*]

THE Kaiser feasted in his hall—
The red wine mantled high;
Banners were trembling on the wall
To the peals of minstrelsy;
And many a gleam and sparkle came
From the armour hung around,
As it caught the glance of the torch's flame,
Or the hearth with pine-boughs crowned.

Why fell there silence on the chord
Beneath the harper's hand?
And suddenly from that rich board,
Why rose the wassail band?
The strings were hushed—the knights made way
For the queenly mother's tread,
As up the hall, in dark array,
Two fair-haired boys she led.

She led them even to the Kaiser's place,
And still before him stood;

Till, with strange wonder, o'er his face,
Flushed the proud warrior-blood :
And " Speak, my mother ! speak !" he cried ;
" Wherefore this mourning vest,
And the clinging children by thy side
In weeds of sadness drest ?"

" Well may a mourning vest be mine,
And theirs, my son, my son !
Look on the features of thy line
In each fair little one !
Though grief awhile within their eyes
Hath tamed the dancing glee,
Yet there thine own quick spirit lies—
Thy brother's children see !

" And where is he, thy brother—where ?
He in thy home that glee,
And smiling with his sunny hair,
Ever to greet thee flew ?
How would his arms thy neck entwine,
His fond lips press thy brow !
My son ! oh, call these orphans thine !
Thou hast no brother now !

" What ! from their gentle eyes doth naught
Speak of thy childhood's hours,
And smite thee with a tender thought
Of thy dead father's towers ?
Kind was thy boyish heart and true,
When reared together there,
Through the old woods like fawns ye flew—
Where is thy brother—where ?

“ Well didst thou love him then, and he
Still at thy side was seen :
How is it that such things can be
As though they ne’er had been ?
Evil was this world’s breath, which came
Between the good and brave !
Now must the tears of grief and shame
Be offered to the grave.

“ And let them, let them there be poured !
Though all unfelt below—
Thine own wrung heart, to love restored,
Shall soften as they flow.
Oh ! Death is mighty to make peace ;
Now bid his work be done ?
So many an inward strife shall cease—
Take, take these babes, my son.”

His eye was dimmed—the strong man shook
With feelings long suppressed ;
Up in his arms the boys he took,
And strained them to his breast.
And a shout from all in the royal hall
Burst forth to hail the sight ;
And eyes were wet midst the brave that met
At the Kaiser’s feast that night.

TASSO AND HIS SISTER

["DEVANT VOUS est Sorrente, Là demeurait la sœur de Tasse,
quand il vint en pèlerin demander à cette obscure amie un
aide contre l'injustice des princes. Ses longues douleurs
avaient presque égaré sa raison ! il ne lui restait plus que son
génie."—CORINNE.]

SHE sat, where on each wind that sighed
The citron's breath went by,
While the red gold of eventide
Burned in the Italian sky.
Her bower was one where daylight's close
Full oft sweet laughter found,
As thence the voice of childhood rose
To the high vineyards round.

But still and thoughtful at her knee
Her children stood that hour,
Their bursts of song and dancing glee
Hushed as by words of power.
With bright fixed wondering eyes, that gazed
Up to their mother's face,
With brows through parted ringlets raised,
They stood in silent grace.

While she—yet something o'er her look
Of mournfulness was spread—
Forth from a poet's magic book
The glorious numbers read ;
The proud undying lay, which poured
Its light on evil years ;

His of the gifted pen and sword,*
The triumph, and the tears.

She read of fair Erminia's flight,
Which Venice once might hear
Sung on her glittering seas at night
By many a gondolier :
Of him she read, who broke the charm
That wrapt the myrtle grove ;
Of Godfrey's deeds, of Tancred's arm,
That slew his Paynim love.

Young cheeks around that bright page glowed,
Young holy hearts were stirred :
And the meek tears of woman flowed
Fast o'er each burning word.
And sounds of breeze, and fount, and leaf,
Came sweet each pause between,
When a strange voice of sudden grief
Burst on the gentle scene.

The mother turned. A way-worn man,
In pilgrim garb, stood nigh,
Of stately mien, yet wild and wan,
Of proud yet mournful eye.
But drops which would not stay for pride
From that dark eye gushed free,
As, pressing his pale brow, he cried,
"Forgotten ! even by thee !"

* It is scarcely necessary to recall the well-known Italian saying, that Tasso, with his sword and pen, was superior to all men.

"Am I so changed?—and yet we two
Oft hand in hand have played;
This brow hath been all bathed in dew
From wreaths which thou hast made;
We have knelt down and said one prayer,
And sung one vesper strain;
My soul is dim with clouds of care—
Tell me those words again!

"Life hath been heavy on my head—
I come a stricken deer,
Bearing the heart, midst crowds that bled,
To bleed in stillness here."
She gazed, till thoughts that long had slept
Shook all her thrilling frame—
She fell upon his neck and wept,
Murmuring her brother's name.

Her *brother's* name!—and who was he,
The weary one, the unknown,
That came, the bitter world to flee,
A stranger to his own?
He was the bard of gifts divine
To sway the souls of men:
He of the song for Salem's shrine,
He of the sword and pen!

THE RELEASE OF TASSO.

THERE came a bard to Rome ; he brought a lyre
Of sounds to peal through Rome's triumphant sky,
To mourn a hero on his funeral pyre,
Or greet a conqueror with its war-notes high ;
For on each chord had fallen the gift of fire,
The living breath of Power and Victory,—
Yet he, its Lord, the sovereign city's guest,
Sighed but to flee away and be at rest.

He brought a spirit whose ethereal birth
Was of the loftiest, and whose haunts had been
Amidst the marvels and the pomps of earth,
Wild fairy bowers, and groves of deathless green,
And fields where mail-clad bosoms prove their worth,
When flashing swords light up the stormy scene :
He brought a weary heart, a wasted frame,—
The Child of Visions from a dungeon came.

On the blue waters, as in joy they sweep,
With starlight floating o'er their swells and falls—
On the blue waters of the Adrian deep
His numbers had been sung ; and in the halls,
Where, through rich foliage if a sunbeam peep,
It seems Heaven's wakening to the sculptured walls,
Had princes listened to those lofty strains,
While the high soul they burst from pined in chains.

And in the summer gardens, where the spray
Of founts, far glancing from their marble bed,

Rains on the flowering myrtles in its play,
And the sweet limes, and glassy leaves that spread
Round the deep golden citrons, o'er his lay
Dark eyes, dark soft Italian eyes, had shed
Warm tears, fast glittering in that sun whose light
Was a forbidden glory to his sight.

Oh ! if it be that wizard sign, and spell,
And talisman, had power of old to bind,
In the dark chambers of some cavern-cell,
Or knotted oak, the spirits of the wind,
Things of the lightning-pinion, wont to dwell
High o'er the reach of eagles, and to find
Joy in the rush of storms,—even such a doom
Was that high minstrel's in his dungeon-gloom.

But he was free at last !—the glorious land
Of the white Alps and pine-crown'd Apennines,
Along whose shore the sapphire seas expand,
And the wastes teem with myrtle, and the shrines
Of long-forgotten Gods from Nature's hand,
Receive bright offerings still—with all its vines,
And rocks, and ruins, clear before him lay ;—
The seal was taken from the founts of day.

The winds came o'er his cheek—the soft winds, blending
All summer-sounds and odours in their sigh ;
The orange-groves waved round ; the hills were sending
Their bright streams down ; the free birds darting by,
And the blue festal heavens above him bending,
As if to fold a world where none could die.
And who was he that looked upon these things ?
—If but of earth, yet one whose thoughts were wings

To bear him o'er creation ; and whose mind
Was an air harp, awakening to the sway
Of sunny Nature's breathings unconfined,
With all the mystic harmonies that lay
Far in the slumber of its chords enshrined,
Till the light breeze went thrilling on its way.
—There was no sound that wandered through the sky,
But told him secrets in its melody.

Was the deep forest lonely unto him,
With all its whispering leaves ? Each dell and glade
Teemed with such forms as on the moss-clad brim
Of fountains, in their sparry grottoes, played,
Seen by the Greek of yore through twilight dim,
Or misty noontide in the laurel shade.
—There is no solitude on earth so deep
As that where man decrees that man should weep !

But, oh ! the life in Nature's green domains,
The breathing sense of joy ! where flowers are springing
By starry thousands on the slopes and plains,
And the grey rocks—and all the arched woods ringing,
And the young branches trembling to the strains
Of wild-born creatures, through the sunshine winging
Their fearless flight,—and sylvan echoes round,
Mingling all tones to one Æolian sound.

And the glad voice, the laughing voice of streams,
And the low cadence of the silvery sea,
And reed-notes from the mountains, and the beams
Of the warm sun—all these are for the free !
And they were his, once more, the bard whose dreams
Their spirit still had haunted. Could it be

That he had borne the chain ? Oh ! who shall dare
To say how much Man's heart uncrushed may bear ?

So deep a root hath hope ! but woe for this
Our frail mortality, that aught so bright,
So almost burthened with excess of bliss,
As the rich hour which back to summer's light
Calls the worn captive, with the gentle kiss
Of winds, and gush of waters, and the sight
Of the green earth, must so be bought with years
Of the heart's fever, parching up its tears.

And feeding, a slow fire, on all its powers,
Until the boon for which we gasp in vain,
If hardly won at length, too late made ours,
When the soul's wing is broken, comes like rain
Withheld till evening, on the stately flowers
Which withered in the noontide, ne'er again
To lift their heads in glory. So doth Earth
Breathe on her gifts, and melt away their worth.

The sailor dies in sight of that green shore,
Whose fields, in slumbering beauty, seemed to lie
On the deep's foam, amidst its hollow roar
Called up to sunlight by his fantasy.
And when the shining desert-mists that wore
The lake's bright semblance, have been all passed by,
The pilgrim sinks beside the fountain wave,
Which dashes from its rock, too late to save.

Or if we live, if that too dearly bought,
And made too precious by long hopes and fears,

Remain our own—love darkened and o'erwrought
By memory of privation—love, which wears
And casts o'er life a troubled hue of thought,
Becomes the shadow of our closing years,
Making it almost misery to possess
Aught watched with such unquiet tenderness.

Such unto him, the Bard, the worn and wild,
And sick with hope deferred, from whom the sky
With all its clouds in burning glory piled,
Had been shut out by long captivity.
Such freedom was to Tasso. As a child
Is to the mother, whose foreboding eye
In its too radiant glance from day to day,
Reads that which calls the brightest first away.

And he became a wanderer—in whose breast
Wild fear which, e'en when every sense doth sleep,
Clings to the burning heart, a wakeful guest,
Sat brooding as a spirit, raised to keep
Its gloomy vigil of intense unrest
O'er treasures burthening life, and buried deep
In cavern-tomb, and sought through shades and stealth
By some pale mortal, trembling at his wealth.

But woe for those who trample o'er a mind !
A deathless thing ! They know not what they do.
Nor what they deal with. Man perchance may bind
The flower his step hath bruised ; or light anew
The torch he quenches ; or to music wind
Again the lyre-string from his touch that flew :—

But for the soul !—oh ! tremble, and beware
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries *there* !

For blindness wraps that world—our touch may turn
Some balance fearfully and darkly hung ;
Or put out some bright spark whose ray should burn
To point the way a thousand rocks among ;
Or break some subtle chain which none discern,
Though binding down the terrible, the strong,
Th' o'ersweeping passions, which to loose on life
Is to set free the elements for strife.

Who then to power and glory shall restore
That which our evil rashness hath undone ?
Who unto mystic harmony once more
Attune those viewless chords ?—There is but One !
He that through dust the stream of life can pour,
The Mighty and the Merciful alone.
—Yet oft His paths have midnight for their shade—
He leaves to Man the ruin Man hath made.

ULLA ; OR, THE ADJURATION

"Yet speak to me! I have outwatched the stars,
And gazed o'er heaven in vain, in search of thee.
Speak to me! I have wandered o'er the earth,
And never found thy likeness. Speak to me!
This once—once more!"—*MANFRED.*

"THOU'RT gone!—thou'rt slumbering low,
With the sounding seas above thee:
It is but a restless woe,
But a haunting dream to love thee!
Thrice the glad swan has sung
To greet the spring-time hours,
Since thine oar at parting flung
The white spray up in showers.
There's a shadow of the grave on thy hearth and round
thy home;
Come to me from the ocean's dead!—thou'rt surely of
them—come!"

'Twas Ulla's voice! Alone she stood
In the Iceland summer night,
Far gazing o'er a glassy flood
From a dark rock's beetling height.

"I know thou hast thy bed
Where the sea-weed's coil hath bound thee;
The storm sweeps o'er thy head,
But the depths are hushed around thee.
What wind shall point the way
To the chambers where thou'rt lying?"

Come to me thence, and say
If thou thought'st on me in dying?
I will not shrink to see thee with a bloodless lip and cheek.
Come to me from the ocean's dead !—thou'rt surely of
them—speak !”

•

She listened—'twas the wind's low moan,
'Twas the ripple of the wave,
'Twas the wakening osprey's cry alone
As it startled from its cave.

“ I know each fearful spell
Of the ancient Runic lay,
Whose muttered words compel
The tempest to obey.
But I adjure not *thee*
By magic sign or song ;
My voice shall stir the sea
By love—the deep, the strong !
By the might of woman's tears, by the passion of her sighs,
Come to me from the ocean's dead !—by the vows we
pledged, arise !”

Again she gazed with an eager glance,
Wandering and wildly bright ; —
She saw but the sparkling waters dance
To the arrowy northern-light.

“ By the slow and struggling death
Of hope that loathed to part,
By the fierce and withering breath
Of despair on youth's high heart—

By the weight of gloom which clings
To the mantle of the night,
By the heavy dawn which brings
Naught lovely to the sight—
By all that from my weary soul thou hast wrung of grief
and fear,
Come to me from the ocean's dead ! Awake, arise,
appear ! ”

Was it her yearning spirit's dream !
Or did a pale form rise,
And o'er the hushed wave glide and gleam,
With bright, still, mournful eyes ?

“ Have the depths heard ? They have !
My voice prevails : thou'rt there,
Dim from thy watery grave—
O thou that wert so fair !
Yet take me to thy rest !
There dwells no fear with love !
Let me slumber on thy breast,
While the billow rolls above !
Where the long-lost things lie hid, where the bright ones
have their home,
We will sleep among the ocean's dead. Stay for me,
stay !—I come ! ”

There was a sullen plunge below,
A flashing on the main ;
And the wave shut o'er that wild heart's woe—
Shut, and grew still again.

TO WORDSWORTH

THINE is a strain to read among the hills,
The old and full of voices,—by the source
Of some free stream, whose gladdening presence fills
The solitude with sound ; for in its course
Even such is thy deep song, that seems a part
Of those high scenes, a fountain from their heart.

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken
To the still breast in sunny garden bowers,
Where vernal winds each tree's low tones awaken,
And bud and bell with changes mark the hours.
There let thy thoughts be with me, while the day
Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet,
When night hath hushed the woods with all their birds,
There, from some gentle voice, that lay were sweet
As antique music, linked with household words ;
While in pleased murmurs woman's lips might move,
And the raised eye of childhood shine in love.

Or where the shadows of dark solemn yews
Brood silently o'er some lone burial-ground,
Thy verse hath power that brightly might diffuse
A breath, a kindling, as of spring, around ;
From its own glow of hope and courage high,
And steadfast faith's victorious constancy.

True bard and holy !—thou art even as one
Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,

In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie ;
Unseen awhile they sleep—till, touched by thee,
Bright healthful waves flow forth, to each glad wanderer
free.

A MONARCH'S DEATHBED

[THE Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, who was assassinated by his nephew, afterwards called John the Parricide, was left to die by the wayside, and only supported in his last moments by a female peasant, who happened to be passing.]

A MONARCH on his deathbed lay—
Did censers waft perfume,
And soft lamps pour their silvery ray,
Through his proud chamber's gloom ?
He lay upon a greensward bed,
Beneath a darkening sky—
A lone tree waving o'er his head,
A swift stream rolling by.

Had he then fallen as warriors fall,
Where spear strikes fire with spear ?
Was there a banner for his pall,
A buckler for his bier ?
Not so—nor cloven shields nor helms,
Had strewn the bloody sod,
Where he, the helpless lord of realms,
Yielded his soul to God.

Were there not friends with words of cheer,
And princely vassals nigh ?
And priests, the crucifix to rear
Before the glazing eye ?
A peasant girl that royal head
Upon her bosom laid,
And shrinking not for woman's dread,
The face of death surveyed.

Alone she sat : from hill and wood
Red sank the mournful sun ;
Fast gushed the fount of noble blood—
Treason its worst had done.
With her long hair she vainly pressed
The wounds, to stanch their tide—
Unknown, on that meek humble breast,
Imperial Albert died !

TO THE MEMORY OF HEBER

"Umile in tanta gloria."—PETRARCH.

If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,
Of sainted genius called too soon away,
Of light from this world taken, while it shone
Yet kindling onward to the perfect day—
How shall our grief, if mournful these things be,
Flow forth, O thou of many gifts ! for thee !

Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard ?
And that deep soul of gentleness and power,

Have we not felt its breath in every word

Wont from thy lip as Hermon's dew to shower ?
Yes ! in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burned—
Of heaven they were, and thither have returned.

How shall we mourn thee ? With a lofty trust,

Our life's immortal birthright from above !
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,
Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance of love,
And yet can weep !—for nature thus deplores
The friend that leaves us, though for happier shores.

And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,

One strain of solemn rapture, be allowed !
Thou, that rejoicing on thy mid career,
Not to decay, but unto death hast bowed,
In those bright regions of the rising sun,
Where victory ne'er a crown like thine had won.

Praise for yet one more name with power endowed

To cheer and guide us, onward as we press ;
Yet one more image on the heart bestowed
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness !
Thine, Heber, thine ! whose memory from the dead
Shines as the star which to the Saviour led !

THE ADOPTED CHILD

“ WHY wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child ?

Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw-roofed cabin, with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and a pillared hall,

Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture for ever streams."

"Oh ! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer day ;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know.
Lady, kind lady ! oh, let me go !"

"Content thee, boy ! in my bower to dwell—
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well ;
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune,
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

"Oh ! my mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all ;
She sings it under our own green tree
To the babe half slumbering on her knee :
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Lady, kind lady ! oh, let me go !"

"Thy mother is gone, from her cares to rest—
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast ;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy ! no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away ?
But I know that my brothers are there at play—

I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,
Or the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well ;
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow—
Lady, kind lady ! oh, let me go ! ”

“ Fair child ! thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow ;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot.”

“ Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill ?—
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still ;
And the red-deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—
Lady, kind lady ! oh, let me go ! ”

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE

BIRDS, joyous birds of the wandering wing !
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring ?
“ We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

“ We have swept o'er cities in song renowned—
Silent they lie with the deserts round !

We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath rolled
All dark with the warrior-blood of old ;
And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under peasant's roof-trees or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam ?—
" We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt—
Naught looks the same, save the nest we built !"

O joyous birds ! it hath still been so ;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go !
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep :
Say what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last we parted from that sweet spot ?

" A change we have found there—and many a change !
Faces and footsteps, and all things strange !
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care,
And the place is hushed where the children played—
Naught looks the same save the nest we made !"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth !
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air
Ye have a guide, and shall *we* despair ?
Ye over desert and deep have passed—
So may *we* reach our bright home at last !

INVOCATION

"I called on dreams and visions, to disclose
That which is veiled from waking thought: conjured
Eternity, as men constrain a ghost,
To appear and answer."—WORDSWORTH.

ANSWER me, burning Stars of night !
Where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight
As a swift breeze hath flown ?
And the stars answered me—"We roll
In light and power on high ;
But, of the never-dying soul,
Ask that which cannot die."

O many-toned and chainless Wind !
Thou art a wanderer free ;
Tell me if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea ?
And the Wind murmured in reply—
"The blue deep I have crossed,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost."

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer ! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run ?
The bright Clouds answered—"We depart,
We vanish from the sky ;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
For that which cannot die."


Speak then, thou Voice of God within ;
Thou of the deep low tone !
Answer me, through life's restless din—
Where is the spirit flown ?
And the voice answered—"Be thou still !
Enough to know is given :
Clouds, winds, and stars *their* part fulfil—
Thine is, to trust in Heaven."

KOERNER AND HIS SISTER

CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER, the celebrated young German poet and soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops on the 20th of August 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, *The Sword-Song*. He was buried at the village of Wöbbolin in Mecklenburg, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The monument erected to his memory is of cast-iron; and the upper part is wrought into a lyre and sword, a favourite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his works had been entitled. Near the grave of the poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having only survived him long enough to complete his portrait and a drawing of his burial-place. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines:—

" Vergiss die treuen Todten nicht."
(Forget not the faithful dead.)

GREEN wave the oak for ever o'er thy rest,
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,
Thy place of memory as an altar keepest ;
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,
Thou of the Lyre and Sword !



Rest, bard ! rest, soldier ! By the father's hand
Here shall the child of after years be led,
With his wreath-offering silently to stand
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead—
Soldier and bard ! for thou thy path hast trod
With freedom and with God.

The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial rite,
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee,
And with true hearts thy brethren of the fight
Wept as they veiled their drooping banners o'er thee ;
And the deep guns with rolling peal gave token
That Lyre and Sword were broken.

Thou hast a hero's tomb : a lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying—
The gentle girl that bowed her fair young head
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.
Brother, true friend ! the tender and the brave !—
She pined to share thy grave.

Fame was thy gift from others ;—but for *her*,
To whom the wide world held that only spot,
She loved thee !—lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not.
Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy,—what hath she ?
Her own blest place by thee !

It was thy spirit, brother ! which had made
The bright earth glorious to her youthful eye,
Since first in childhood midst the vines ye played,
And sent glad singing through the free blue sky.
Ye were but two—and when that spirit passed,
Woe to the one, the last !

Woe, yet not long ! She lingered but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast—
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her, ere she went to rest.
Too sad a smile ! its living light was o'er—
It answered hers no more.

The earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The home too lonely whence thy step had fled ;
What then was left for her the faithful-hearted ?
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead !
Softly she perished : be the Flower deplored
Here with the Lyre and Sword !

Have ye not met ere now ?—so let those trust
That meet for moments but to part for years—
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust—
That love, where love is but a fount of tears.
Brother ! sweet sister ! peace around ye dwell :
Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell !

THE DEATH-DAY OF KOERNER

A song for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride !
The youth went down to a hero's grave,
With the sword, his bride.
He went, with his noble heart unworn,
And pure, and high—
An eagle stooping from clouds of morn,
Only to die.

He went with the lyre, whose lofty tone
Beneath his hand
Had thrilled to the name of his God alone
And his Fatherland ;

And with all his glorious feelings yet
In their first glow,
Like a southern stream that no frost hath met
To chain its flow.

A song for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride !
For him that went to a hero's grave,
With the sword, his bride.

He hath left a voice in his trumpet-lays
To turn the flight,
And a guiding spirit for after days,
Like a watch-fire's light.

And a grief in his father's soul to rest,
Midst all high thought ;
And a memory unto his mother's breast,
With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the blight
Of earthly breath,
Beautiful—beautiful and bright,
In life and death !

A song for the death-day of the brave—
A song of pride !
For him that went to a hero's grave,
With the sword, his bride !

A VOYAGER'S DREAM OF LAND

"His very heart athirst
To gaze at nature in her green array,
Upon the ship's tall side he stands possessed
With visions prompted by intense desire.
Fair fields appear below, such as he left
Far distant, such as he would die to find:
He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more."—COWPER.

THE hollow dash of waves !—the ceaseless roar !—
Silence, ye billows !—vex my soul no more.

There's a spring in the woods by my sunny home,
Afar from the dark sea's tossing foam ;
Oh ! the fall of that fountain is sweet to hear,
As a song from the shore to the sailor's ear !
And the sparkle which up to the sun it throws
Through the feathery fern and the olive boughs,
And the gleam on its path as it steals away
Into deeper shades from the sultry day,
And the large water-lilies that o'er its bed
Their pearly leaves to the soft light spread,
They haunt me ! I dream of that bright spring's flow,
I thirst for its rills like a wounded roe !

Be still, thou sea-bird, with thy clanging cry !
My spirit sickens as thy wing sweeps by.

Know ye my home, with the lulling sound
Of leaves from the lime and the chestnut round ?
Know ye it, brethren ! where bowered it lies
Under the purple of southern skies ?
With the streamy gold of the sun that shines

In through the cloud of its clustering vines,
And the summer breath of the myrtle-flowers,
Borne from the mountain in dewy hours,
And the fire-fly's glance through the darkening shades
Like shooting stars in the forest glades,
And the scent of the citron at eve's dim fall—
Speak ! have ye known, have ye felt them all ?

The heavy-rolling surge ! the rocking mast !—
Hush ! give my dream's deep music way, thou blast !

Oh, the glad sounds of the joyous earth !
The notes of the singing cicada's mirth,
The murmurs that live in the mountain-pines,
The sighing of reeds as the day declines,
The wings flitting home through the crimson glow
That steeps the wood when the sun is low,
The voice of the night-bird that sends a thrill
To the heart of the leaves when the winds are still—
I hear them !—around me they rise, they swell,
They call back my spirit with Hope to dwell—
They come with a breath from the fresh spring-time,
And waken my youth in its hour of prime.

The white foam dashes high—away, away !
Shroud my green land no more, thou blinding spray !

It is there !—down the mountains I see the sweep
Of the chestnut forests, the rich and deep,
With the burden and glory of flowers that they bear
Floating upborne on the blue summer air,
And the light pouring through them in tender gleams,
And the flashing forth of a thousand streams !

Hold me not, brethren ! I go, I go
To the hills of my youth, where the myrtles blow,
To the depths of the woods, where the shadows rest,
Massy and still, on the greensward's breast,
To the rocks that resound with the water's play—
I hear the sweet laugh of my fount—give way !

Give way !—the booming surge, the tempest's roar,
The sea-bird's wail shall vex my soul no more.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND

"Look now abroad ! Another race has filled
Those populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are filled ;
The land is full of harvests and green meads."—BRYANT.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear ;—
 They shook the depths of the desert gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard and the sea ;
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
 This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst the pilgrim band ;—
 Why had *they* come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?—
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trode ;
 They have left unstained what there they found—
 Freedom to worship God.

THE EFFIGIES

"Der rasche Kampf verewigt einen Mann :
Er falle gleich, so preiset ihn das Lied.
Allein die Thronen die unendlichen
Der überlebenden, der verlassenen Frau,
Zählt keine Nachwelt."—GÖTHE.

WARRIOR ! whose image on thy tomb,
With shield and crested head,
Sleeps proudly in the purpled gloom
By the stained window shed ;
The records of thy name and race
Have faded from the stone,
Yet, through a cloud of years, I trace
What thou hast been and done.

A banner, from its flashing spear,
Flung out o'er many a fight ;
A war-cry ringing far and clear,
And strong to turn the flight ;
An arm that bravely bore the lance
On for the Holy Shrine ;
A haughty heart and a king's glance—
Chief ! were not these things thine ?

A lofty place where leaders sate
Around the council board ;
In festive halls a chair of state
When the blood-red wine was poured ;
A name that drew a prouder tone
From herald, harp, and bard :
Surely these things were all thine own—
So hadst thou thy reward.

Woman ! whose sculptured form at rest
By the armed knight is laid,
With meek hands folded o'er a breast
In matron robes arrayed ;
What was *thy* tale !—O gentle mate
Of him the bold and free,
Bound unto his victorious fate,
What bard hath sung of *thee* ?

He wooed a bright and burning star—
Thine was the void, the gloom,
The straining eye that followed far
His fast-receding plume ;
The heart-sick listening while his *steed*
Sent echoes on the breeze ;
The pang—but when did *Fame* take heed
Of griefs obscure as these ?

Thy silent and secluded hours
Through many a lonely day,
While bending o'er thy brodered flowers,
With spirits far away ;
Thy weeping midnight prayers for him
Who fought on Syrian plains,
Thy watchings till the torch grew dim—
These fill no minstrel strains.

A still, sad life was *thine* !—long years
With tasks unguerdoned fraught—
Deep, quiet love, submissive tears,
Vigils of anxious thought ;
Prayer at the Cross in fervour poured,
Alms to the pilgrim given—
Oh ! happy, happier than thy lord,
In that lone path to heaven !

THE DEPARTED

"Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise—the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre."—BAYANNT.

I

AND shrink ye from the way
To the spirit's distant shore?—
Earth's mightiest men, in armed array,
Are thither gone before.

The warrior-kings, whose banner
Flew far as eagles fly,
They are gone where swords avail them not,
From the feast of victory.

And the seers who sat of yore
By Orient palm or wave,
They have passed with all their starry lore—
Can ye still fear the grave?

"We fear! we fear! The sunshine
Is joyous to behold,
And we reck not of the buried kings,
Nor the awful seers of old."

II

Ye shrink! The bards whose lays
Have made your deep hearts burn—
They have left the sun and the voice of praise
For the land whence none return.

And the beautiful, whose record
Is the verse that cannot die,
They too are gone, with their glorious bloom,
From the love of human eye.

Would ye not join that throng
Of the earth's departed flowers,
And the masters of the mighty song,
In their far and fadeless bowers?

"Those songs are high and holy,
But they vanquish not our fear :
Not from *our* path those flowers are gone—
We fain would linger here !"

III

Linger then yet awhile,
As the last leaves on the bough !—
Ye have loved the light of many a smile
That is taken from you now.

There have been sweet singing voices
In your walks that now are still ;
There are seats left void in your earthly homes,
Which none again may fill.

Soft eyes are seen no more,
That made spring-time in your heart,
Kindred and friends are gone before—
And *ye* still fear to part !

"We fear not now, we fear not !
Though the way through darkness bends ;
Our souls are strong to follow *them*,
Our own familiar friends !"

THE PALM-TREE *

It waved not through an eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby ;
It was not fanned by southern breeze
In some green isle of Indian seas ;
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled Palm-tree grew
Midst foliage of no kindred hue !
Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of Orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange looked it there ! The willow streamed
Where silvery waters near it gleamed ;
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the Desert's tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music filled that garden's bowers ;
Lamps, that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colour flung ;
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show —
Under the blossoms to and fro.

* This incident is recorded in De Lille's *Les Jardins*.

But one, a lone one, midst the throng,
Seemed reckless all of dance or song ;
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been,
● Of crested brow and long black hair—
A stranger, like the Palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms.
He passed the pale-green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut-flowers his eye :
But when to that sole Palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame !

To him, to him its rustling spoke—
The silence of his soul it broke !
It whispered of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile ;
Ay, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave's moan !

His mother's cabin-home, that lay
Where feathery cocoas fringed the bay ;
The dashing of his brethren's oar—
The conch-note heard along the shore ;
All through his wakening bosom swept—
He clasped his country's tree and wept !

Oh ! scorn him not ! The strength whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
The unconquerable power which fills
The freeman battling on his hills,
These have one fountain deep and clear—
The same whence gushed that childlike tear !

THE CHILD'S LAST SLEEP

SUGGESTED BY A MONUMENT OF CHANTREY'S

THOU sleepest—but when wilt thou wake, fair child?
When the fawn awakes in the forest wild?
When the lark's wing mounts with the breeze of morn?
When the first rich breath of the rose is born?
Lovely thou sleepest ! yet something lies
Too deep and still on thy soft-sealed eyes ;
Mournful, though sweet, is thy rest to see—
When will the hour of thy rising be ?

Not when the fawn wakes—not when the lark
On the crimson cloud of the morn floats dark.
Grief with vain passionate tears hath wet
The hair, shedding gleams from thy pale brow yet ;
Love, with sad kisses unfelt, hath pressed
Thy meek-dropt eyelids and quiet breast ;
And the glad Spring, calling out bird and bee,
Shall colour all blossoms, fair child ! but thee.

Thou'rt gone from us, bright one !—that *thou* shouldst die,
And life be left to the butterfly ! *
Thou'rt gone as a dew-drop is swept from the bough :
Oh ! for the world where thy home is now !
How may we love but in doubt and fear,
How may we anchor our fond hearts here ;
How should even joy but a trembler be,
Beautiful dust ! when we look on thee ?

* A butterfly, resting on a flower, is sculptured on the monument.

THE SUNBEAM

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall—
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all !
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam ! what gift hath the world like thee ?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles ;
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles ;
Thou has lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest-shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades ;
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array :
Thou brakest forth, and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot ;
But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart ;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou takest through the dim church-aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave ;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer ! oh, what is like thee ?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea !—
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
The faith touching all things with hues of Heaven !

BREATHINGS OF SPRING

"Thou givest me flowers, thou givest me songs ; Bring back
The love that I have lost !"

WHAT wakest thou, Spring ? Sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes that have long been mute :
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Even as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring !—the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery shade,
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call ;
Spring, the awakener ! thou hast burst their sleep !
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers !
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And penciling the wood anemone :
Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
Glow with mute poesy.

But what awakest thou in the *heart*, O Spring !
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs ?
Thou that givest back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies !
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art—
What wakest thou in the heart ?

Too much, oh ! there too much ! We know not well
Wherefore it should be thus ; yet, roused by thee,
What fond strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell
Gush for the faces we no more may see !
How are we haunted, in the wind's low tone,
By voices that are gone !

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanished smiles, and sounds of parted feet—
Spring ! midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
Why, why reviv'st thou these ?

Vain longings for the dead !—why come they back
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms ?
Oh ! is it not, that from thine earthly track
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs ?
Yes, gentle Spring ! no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones *there* !

THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES

" And alight, withal, may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever : it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's breath, or spring—
A flower—a leaf—the ocean which may wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."
CHILDE HAROLD.

The power that dwelleth in sweet sounds to waken
Vague yearnings, like the sailor's for the shore,
And dim remembrances, whose hue seems taken
From some bright former state, our own no more ;
Is not this all a mystery ? Who shall say
Whence are those thoughts, and whither tends their way ?

The sudden images of vanished things,
That o'er the spirit flash, we know not why ;
Tones from some broken harp's deserted strings,
Warm sunset hues of summers long gone by ;
A rippling wave—the dashing of an oar—
A flower-scent floating past our parents' door ;

A word—scarce noted in its hour perchance,
Yet back returning with a plaintive tone ;

A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance,
Full of sweet meanings now from this world flown ;
Are not these mysteries when to life they start,
And press vain tears in gushes from the heart !

And the far^{*} wanderings of the soul in dreams,
Calling up shrouded faces from the dead,
And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,
Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread ;
And wakening buried love, or joy, or fear—
These are night's mysteries—who shall make them clear ?

And the strange inborn sense of coming ill,
That ofttimes whispers to the haunted breast,
In a low tone which naught can drown or still,
Midst feasts and melodies a secret guest :
Whence doth that murmur wake, that shadow fall ?
Why shakes the spirit thus ? 'Tis mystery all.

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not ;
Yes ! it may be, that nearer than we think
Are those whom death has parted from our lot !
Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made—
Let us walk humbly on, but undismayed !

Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to feel
Her way amidst these marvels of the mind ;
Yet undismayed—for do they not reveal
The immortal being with our dust entwined !—
So let us deem ! and even the tears they wake
Shall then be blest, for that high nature's sake.

AN HOUR OF ROMANCE

"I come
 To this sweet place for quiet. Every tree,
 And bush, and fragrant flower, and hilly path,
 And thymy mound that flings unto the winds
 Its morning incense, is my friend."—BARRY CORNWALL.

THERE were thick leaves above me and around,
 And low sweet sighs like those of childhood's sleep,
 Amidst their dimness, and a fitful sound
 As of soft showers on water ; dark and deep
 Lay the oak shadows o'er the turf, so still,
 They seemed but pictured glooms ; a hidden rill
 Made music, such as haunts us in a dream,
 Under the fern-tufts ; and a tender gleam
 Of soft green light, as by the glow-worm shed,
 Came pouring through the woven beech-boughs down,
 And steeped the magic page wherein I read
 Of royal chivalry and old renown,
 A tale of Palestine.* Meanwhile the bee
 Swept past me with a tone of summer hours—
 A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts of flowers,
 Blue skies, and amber sunshine : brightly free,
 On filmy wings, the purple dragon-fly
 Shot glancing like a fairy javelin by ;
 And a sweet voice of sorrow told the dell
 Where sat the lone wood-pigeon.—But ere long,
 All sense of these things faded, as the spell
 Breathing from that high gorgeous tale grew strong
 On my chained soul. 'Twas not the leaves I heard :
 A Syrian wind the Lion-banner stirred,

* *The Talisman—Tales of the Crusaders.*

Through its proud floating folds. 'Twas not the brook
Singing in secret through its grassy glen;—
A wild shrill trumpet of the Saracen
Pealed from the desert's lonely heart, and shook
The burning air. Like clouds when winds are high,
O'er glittering sands flew steeds of Araby,
And tents rose up, and sudden lance and spear
Flashed where a fountain's diamond wave lay clear,
Shadowed by graceful palm-trees. Then the shout
Of merry England's joy swelled freely out,
Sent through an Eastern heaven, whose glorious hue
Made shields dark mirrors to its depths of blue :
And harps were there—I heard their sounding strings,
As the waste echoed to the mirth of kings.
The bright masque faded. Unto life's worn track,
What called me from its flood of glory back ?
A voice of happy childhood !—and they passed,
Banner, and harp, and Paynim trumpet's blast.
Yet might I scarce bewail the splendours gone,
My heart so leapt to that sweet laughter's tone.

THE ILLUMINATED CITY

THE hills all glowed with a festive light,
For the royal city rejoiced by night :
There were lamps hung forth upon tower and tree,
Banners were lifted and streaming free ;
Every tall pillar was wreathed with fire ;
Like a shooting meteor was every spire ;
And the outline of many a dome on high
Was traced, as in stars, on the clear dark sky.

I passed through the streets. There were throngs on
throngs—

Like sounds of the deep were their mingled songs ;
There was music forth from each palace borne—
A peal of the cymbal, the harp, and horn.
The forests heard it, the mountains rang,
The hamlets woke to its haughty clang ;
Rich and victorious was every tone,
Telling the land of her foes o'erthrown.

“Didst thou meet not a mourner for all the slain ?
Thousands lie dead on their battle-plain !
Gallant and true were the hearts that fell—
Grief in the homes they have left must dwell :
Grief o'er the aspect of childhood spread,
And bowing the beauty of woman's head !
Didst thou hear, midst the songs, not one tender moan
For the many brave to their slumbers gone ?”

I saw not the face of a weeper there—
Too strong, perchance, was the bright lamps' glare !
I heard not a wail midst the joyous crowd—
The music of victory was all too loud !
Mighty it rolled on the winds afar,
Shaking the streets like a conqueror's car—
Through torches and streamers its flood swept by :
How could I listen for moan or sigh ?

“Turn then away from life's pageants—turn,
If its deep story thy heart would learn !
Ever too bright is that outward show,
Dazzling the eyes till they see not woe.

But lift the proud mantle which hides from thy view
The things thou shouldst gaze on, the sad and true ;
Nor fear to survey what its folds conceal :—
So must thy spirit be taught to feel !”

ROMAN GIRL'S SONG

“ Roma, Roma, Roma !
Non e piu come era prima.”

ROME, Rome ! thou art no more
As thou hast been !
On thy seven hills of yore
Thou sat'st a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then
Purpling the street ;
Leaders and sceptred men
Bowed at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore .
As gods were seen—
Rome, Rome ! thou art no more
As thou hast been !

Rome ! thine imperial brow
Never shall rise :
What hast thou left thee now ?—
Thou hast thy skies !

Blue, deeply blue, they are,
Gloriously bright !
Veiling thy wastes afar
With coloured light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow,
Rome ! for thy dower,
Flushing tall cypress-bough,
Temple and tower !

And all sweet sounds are thine
Lovely to hear,
While night o'er tomb and shrine
Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,
By starlight sung,
Sweeps through the arches dim
Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell
On thy soft air
Lingers and loves to dwell
With summer there.

Thou hast the South's rich gift
Of sudden song—
A charmed fountain, swift,
Joyous and strong.

Thou hast fair forms that move
With queenly tread ;
Thou hast proud fances above
Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien :
Rome, Rome ! thou art no more
As thou hast been !

THE SPELLS OF HOME

"There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief."—BERNARD BARTON.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood played,
By the household tree through which thine eye
First looked in love to the summer sky,
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose-tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious—oh, guard it well !

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which hath lulled thee into many a dream,
By the shiver of the ivy-leaves
To the wind of morn at thy casement eaves,
By the bee's deep murmur in the limes,
By the music of the Sabbath chimes,
By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight called unto household mirth,
By the fairy tale or the legend old
In that ring of happy faces told,
By the quiet hour when hearts unite
In the parting prayer and the kind "Good-night !"
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift !—it hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light.
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain-battles of his land ;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze ;
And back to the gates of his father's hall
It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes ! when thy heart, in its pride, would stray
From the pure first loves of its youth away—
When the sullyng breath of the world would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home—
Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made—
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more !

THE DISTANT SHIP

THE sea-bird's wing o'er ocean's breast
Shoots like a glancing star,
While the red radiance of the west
Spreads kindling fast and far ;
And yet that splendour wins thee not—
Thy still and thoughtful eye
Dwells but on one dark distant spot
Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee ! o'er the slumbering deep
A solemn glory broods ;

A fire hath touched the beacon-steep,
And all the golden woods ;
A thousand gorgeous clouds on high
Burn with the amber light !—
What spell from that rich pageantry
Chains down thy gazing sight ?

“ A softening thought of human cares,
A feeling linked to earth !
Is not yon speck a bark which bears
The loved of many a hearth ?
Oh ! do not Hope, and Grief, and Fear
Crowd her frail world even now,
And manhood's prayer and woman's tear
Follow her venturous prow ?

“ Bright are the floating clouds above,
The glittering seas below ;
But we are bound by cords of love
To kindred weal and woe.
Therefore, amidst this wide array
Of glorious things and fair,
My soul is on that bark's lone way—
For human hearts are there.”

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THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee ;—
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow :
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain :
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee ;

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth !—
Alas, for love ! if *thou* wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth !

MOZART'S REQUIEM

["A SHORT time before the death of Mozart, a stranger of remarkable appearance, and dressed in deep mourning, called at his house, and requested him to prepare a requiem, in his best style, for the funeral of a distinguished person. The sensitive imagination of the composer immediately seized upon the circumstance as an omen of his own fate; and the nervous anxiety with which he laboured to fulfil the task, had the effect of realising his impression. He died within a few days after completing this magnificent piece of music, which was performed at his interment."]

"These birds of Paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion."

A REQUIEM !—and for whom ?
For beauty in its bloom ?
For valour fallen ?—a broken rose or sword ?
A dirge for king or chief,
With pomp of stately grief,
Banner, and torch, and waving plume deplored ?

Not so—it is not so !
The warning voice I know,
From other worlds a strange mysterious tone ;
A solemn funeral air
It called me to prepare,
And my heart answered secretly—my own !

One more, then, one more strain,
In links of joy and pain
Mighty the troubled spirit to enthrall !
And let me breathe my dower
Of passion and of power
Full into that deep lay—the last of all !

The last !—and I must go
From this bright world below,
This realm of sunshine, ringing with sweet sound !
Must leave its festal skies,
With all their melodies,
That ever in my breast glad echoes found !

Yet have I known it long :
Too restless and too strong
Within this clay hath been the o'ermastering flame ;
Swift thoughts, that came and went
Like torrents o'er me sent,
Have shaken as a reed my thrilling frame.

Like perfumes on the wind,
Which none may stay or bind,
The Beautiful comes floating through my soul ;
I strive with yearnings vain
The spirit to detain
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll.

Therefore disturbing dreams
Trouble the secret streams
And founts of music that o'erflow my breast ;
Something far more divine
Than may on earth be mine,
Haunts my worn heart, and will not let me rest.

Shall I then *fear* the tone
That breathes from worlds unknown ?—
Surely these feverish aspirations *there*
Shall grasp their full desire,
And this unsettled fire
Burn calmly, brightly, in immortal air.

One more, then, one more strain ;
To earthly joy and pain
A rich, and deep, and passionate farewell !
I pour each fervent thought,
With fear, hope, trembling fraught,
Into the notes that o'er my dust shall swell.

THE IMAGE IN LAVA

[THE impression of a woman's form, with an infant clasped to her bosom, was found at the uncovering of Herculaneum.]

THOU thing of years departed !
What ages have gone by
Since here the mournful seal was set
By love and agony !

Temple and tower have mouldered,
Empires from earth have passed,
Yet woman's heart hath left a trace
Those glories to outlast ;

And childhood's fragile image,
Thus fearfully enshrined,
Survives the proud memorials reared
By conquerors of mankind.

Babe ! wert thou brightly slumbering
Upon thy mother's breast
When suddenly the fiery tomb
Shut round each gentle guest ?

A strange dark fate o'ertook you,
Fair babe and loving heart !
One moment of a thousand pangs—
Yet better than to part !

Haply of that fond bosom
On ashes here impressed,
Thou wert the only treasure, child !
Whereon a hope might rest.


Perchance all vainly lavished
Its other love had been,
And where it trusted, naught remained
But thorns on which to lean.

Far better, then, to perish,
Thy form within its clasp,
Than live and lose thee, precious one !
From that impassioned grasp.

Oh ! I could pass all relics
Left by the pomps of old,
To gaze on this rude monument
Cast in affection's mould.

Love ! human love ! what art thou ?
Thy print upon the dust
Outlives the cities of renown
Wherein the mighty trust !

Immortal, oh ! immortal
Thou art, whose earthly glow
Hath given these ashes holiness—
It must, it *must* be so !



CHRISTMAS CAROL

O LOVELY Voices of the sky
That hymned the Saviour's birth !
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang "Peace on earth?"
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
We blessed the Syrian swains,
O Voices of the sky !

O clear and shining Light ! whose beams
That hour heaven's glory shed
Around the palms and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherds' head ;
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,
O clear and shining Light !

O Star ! which led to Him whose love
Brought down man's ransom free !
Where art thou ?—Midst the hosts above
May we still gaze on thee ?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim—
Send them to guide us yet,
O Star which led to Him !

A FATHER READING THE BIBLE

[THIS little poem, which was to its Author "a thing set apart," as being the last of her productions ever read to her beloved mother, was written at the request of a young lady, who thus made known her wish "that Mrs Hemans would embody in poetry a picture that so warmed a daughter's heart :"—

"Upon going into our dear father's sitting-room this morning, my sister and I found him deeply engaged reading his Bible ; and, being unwilling to interrupt such a holy occupation, we retired to the further end of the apartment, to gaze unobserved upon the serene picture. The bright morning sun was beaming on his venerable silver hair, while his defective sight increased the earnestness with which he perused the blessed book. Our fancy led us to believe that some immortal thought was engaging his mind, for he raised his fine open brow to the light, and we felt we had never loved him more deeply. After an involuntary prayer had passed from our hearts, we whispered to each other, 'Oh ! if Mrs Hemans could only see our father at this moment, her glowing pen would detain the scene ; for even as we gaze upon it, the bright gleam is vanishing.'—*Dec. 9, 1826.*"]

"Twas early day, and sunlight streamed
Soft through a quiet room,
That hushed but not forsaken seemed,
Still, but with naught of gloom.
For there, serene in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his gray holy hair,
And touched the page with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were there !

But oh ! that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far—
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life even then had met
His calm benignant eye ;
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of immortality !
Some martyr's prayer, wherein the glow
Of quenchless faith survives :
While every feature said—" *I know*
That my Redeemer lives !"

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.
Silent—yet did not each young breast
With love and reverence melt ?
Oh ! blest be those fair girls, and blest
That home where God is felt !

THE LAST WISH

Go to the forest-shade,
Seek thou the well-known glade,
Where, heavy with sweet dew, the violets lie,
Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,
Like dark eyes filled with sleep,
And bathed in hues of summer's midnight sky.

Bring me their buds, to shed
Around my dying bed
A breath of May and of the wood's repose ;
For I, in sooth, depart
With a reluctant heart,
That fain would linger where the bright sun glows.

Fain would I stay with thee !—
Alas ! this may not be ;
Yet bring me still the gifts of happier hours !
Go where the fountain's breast
Catches, in glassy rest,
The dim green light that pours through laurel bowers.

I know how softly bright,
Steeped in that tender light,
The water-lilies tremble there even now ;
Go to the pure stream's edge,
And from its whispering sedge
Bring me those flowers to cool my fevered brow.

Then, as in Hope's young days,
Track thou the antique maze
Of the rich garden to its grassy mound ;
There is a lone white rose,
Shedding, in sudden snows,
Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf around.

Well know'st thou that fair tree—
A murmur of the bee
Dwells ever in the honeyed lime above :
Bring me one pearly flower
Of all its clustering shower—
For on that spot we first revealed our love.

Gather one woodbine bough,
Then, from the lattice low
Of the bowered cottage which I bade thee mark,
When by the hamlet last
Through dim wood-lanes we passed,
While dewes were glancing to the glow-worm's spark.

Haste ! to my pillow bear
Those fragrant things and fair ;
My hand no more may bind them up at eve ;
Yet shall their odour soft
One bright dream round me waft
Of life, youth, summer—all that I must leave !

And oh ! if thou wouldst ask
Wherefore thy steps I task,
The grove, the stream, the hamlet vale to trace—
'Tis that some thought of me,
When I am gone, may be
The spirit bound to each familiar place.

I bid mine image dwell
(Oh ! break not thou the spell !)
In the deep wood and by the fountain-side ;
Thou must not, my beloved !
Rove where we two have roved,
Forgetting her that in her spring-time died !

FAIRY FAVOURS

[THIS little poem was written in the winter of 1827. In writing to a friend shortly afterwards, Mrs Hemans herself thus alludes to it:—"I am *so* glad you liked 'Fairy Favours.' It is, indeed, filled with my own true and ever-yearning feeling—that longing for more affection, more confidence, more entire interchange of thought, than I am ever likely to meet with. However, I will not repine whilst I have friends who love me as you do."]

. . . "Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart;
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
Affection's tendrils round."

WOULDST thou wear the gift of immortal bloom?
Wouldst thou smile in scorn at the shadowy tomb?
Drink of this cup! it is richly fraught
With balm from the gardens of Genii brought;
Drink! and the spoiler shall pass thee by,
When the young all scattered like rose-leaves lie.

And would not the youth of my soul be gone,
If the loved had left me, one by one?
Take back the cup that may never bless,
The gift that would make me brotherless.
How should I live, with no kindred eye
To reflect mine immortality!

Wouldst thou have empire, by sign or spell,
Over the mighty in air that dwell?
Wouldst thou call the spirits of shore and steep
To fetch thee jewels from ocean's deep?
Wave but this rod, and a viewless band,
Slaves to thy will, shall around thee stand.

And would not fear, at my coming, then
Hush every voice in the homes of men ?
Would not bright eyes in my presence quail ?
Young cheeks with a nameless thrill turn pale ?—
No gift be mine that aside would turn
The human love for whose founts I yearn.

Wouldst thou then read through the hearts of those
Upon whose faith thou hast sought repose ?
Wear this rich gem ! it is charmed to show
When a change comes over affection's glow :
Look on its flushing or fading hue,
And learn if the trusted be false or true.

Keep, keep the gem, that I still may trust,
Though my heart's wealth be but poured on dust !
Let not a doubt in my soul have place,
To dim the light of a loved one's face ;
Leave to the earth its warm sunny smile—
That glory would pass could I look on guile !

Say, then, what boon of my power shall be,
Favoured of spirits ! poured forth on thee ?
Thou scornest the treasures of wave and mine,
Thou wilt not drink of the cup divine,
Thou art fain with a mortal's lot to rest—
Answer me ! how may I grace it best ?

Oh ! give me no sway o'er the powers unseen,
But a human heart where my own may lean !
A friend, one tender and faithful friend,
Whose thoughts' free current with mine may blend ;
And, leaving not either on earth alone,
Bid the bright calm close of our lives be one !

MEETING OF THE BROTHERS *

"His early days
Were with him in his heart."—WORDSWORTH.

THE voices of two forest boys,
In years when hearts entwine,
Had filled with childhood's merry noise
A valley of the Rhine :
To rock and stream that sound was known,
Gladsome as hunter's bugle-tone.

The sunny laughter of their eyes
There had each vineyard seen ;
Up every cliff whence eagles rise
Their bounding step had been ;
Ay ! their bright youth a glory threw
O'er the wild place wherein they grew.

But this as day-spring's flush was brief,
As early bloom or dew ;
Alas ! 'tis but the withered leaf
That wears the enduring hue !
Those rocks along the Rhine's fair shore
Might girdle in their world no more.

For now on manhood's verge they stood,
And heard life's thrilling call,
As if a silver clarion wooed
To some high festival :

* Founded on a tale in *L'Hermite en Italie*.

And parted as young brothers part,
With love in each unsullied heart.

They parted. Soon the paths divide
Wherein our steps were one,
Like river branches, far and wide
Dissevering as they run ;
And making strangers in their course
Of waves that had the same bright source.

Met they no more? Once more they met,
Those kindred hearts and true !
'Twas on a field of death, where yet
The battle-thunders flew,
Though the fierce day was wellnigh past,
And the red sunset smiled its last.

But as the combat closed, they found
For tender thoughts a space,
And even upon that bloody ground
Room for one bright embrace,
And poured forth on each other's neck
Such tears as warriors need not check.

The mists o'er boyhood's memory spread
All melted with those tears,
The faces of the holy dead
Rose as in vanished years ;
The Rhine, the Rhine, the ever-blest,
Lifted its voice in each full breast !

Oh ! was it *then* a time to die ?
It was !—that not in vain

The soul of childhood's purity
And peace might turn again.
A ball swept forth—'twas guided well—
Heart unto heart those brothers fell !

Happy, yes, happy thus to go !
Bearing from earth away
Affections, gifted ne'er to know
A shadow—a decay—
A passing touch of change or chill,
A breath of aught whose breath can kill.

And they, between whose severed souls,
Once in close union tied,
A gulf is set, a current rolls
For ever to divide ;
Well may *they* envy such a lot,
Whose hearts yearn on—but mingle not.

THE SISTERS

[THIS ballad was composed for a kind of dramatic recitative,
relieved by music.]

“ I GO, sweet sister ! yet, my heart would linger with
thee fain,
And unto every parting gift some deep remembrance
chain :
Take, then, the braid of Eastern pearls which once I
loved to wear,
And with it bind for festal scenes the dark waves of
thy hair !

Its pale pure brightness will beseem those raven tresses
well,
And I shall need such pomp no more in my lone
convent-cell."

"Oh, speak not thus, my Leonor! why part from
kindred love?
Through festive scenes, when thou art gone, my steps
no more shall move!
How could I bear a lonely heart amid a reckless
throng?
I should but miss earth's dearest voice in every tone of
song.
Keep, keep the braid of Eastern pearls, or let me
proudly twine
Its wreath once more around that brow, that queenly
brow of thine."

"Oh, wouldst thou strive a wounded bird from shelter
to detain?
Or wouldst thou call a spirit freed to weary life
again?
Sweet sister! take the golden cross that I have worn
so long,
And bathed with many a burning tear for secret woe
and wrong.
It could not still *my* beating heart! but may it be a sign
Of peace and hope, my gentle one! when meekly
pressed to thine."

"Take back, take back the cross of gold, our mother's
gift to thee—
It would but of this parting hour a bitter token be;

With funeral splendour to mine eye, it would but sadly
shine,
And tell of early treasures lost, of joy no longer
mine.

O sister ! if thy heart be thus with buried grief
oppressed,
Where wouldst thou pour it forth so well as on my
faithful breast ? ”

“ Urge me no more ! A blight hath fallen upon my
summer years !
I should but darken *thy* young life with fruitless pangs
and fears.
But take at least the lute I loved, and guard it for my
sake,
And sometimes from its silvery strings one tone of
memory wake !
Sing to those chords by starlight’s gleam our own sweet
vesper-hymn,
And think that I too chant it then, far in my cloister
dim.”

“ Yes ! I *will* take the silvery lute—and I will sing to
thee
A song we heard in childhood’s days, even from our
father’s knee.
O sister ! sister ! are these notes amid forgotten
things ?
Do they not linger as in love on the familiar strings ?
Seems not our sainted mother’s voice to murmur in the
strain ?
Kind sister ! gentlest Leonor ! say, shall it plead in
vain ?

SONG

" LEAVE us not, leave us not !
Say not adieu !
Have we not been to thee
Tender and true ?

" Take not thy sunny smile
Far from our hearth !
With that sweet light will fade
Summer and mirth.

" Leave us not, leave us not !
Can thy heart roam ?
Wilt thou not pine to hear
Voices from home ?

" Too sad our love would be
If thou wert gone !
Turn to us, leave us not !
Thou art our own ! "

" O sister ! hush that thrilling lute !—oh, cease that
haunting lay !
Too deeply pierce those wild sweet notes—yet, yet, I
cannot stay :
For weary, weary is my heart ! I hear a whispered
call
In every breeze that stirs the leaf and bids the blossom
fall.
I cannot breathe in freedom here ; my spirit pines to
dwell
Where the world's voice can reach no more ! Oh, calm
thee !—Fare-thee-well ! "

THE LAST SONG OF SAPPHO

[SUGGESTED by a beautiful sketch, the design of the younger Westmacott. It represents Sappho sitting on a rock above the sea, with her lyre cast at her feet. There is a desolate grace about the whole figure, which seems penetrated with the feeling of utter abandonment.]

SOUND on, thou dark unslumbering Sea !
My dirge is in thy moan ;
My spirit finds response in thee
To its own ceaseless cry—" Alone, alone ! "

Yet send me back one other word,
Ye tones that never cease !
Oh ! let your secret caves be stirred,
And say, dark waters ! will ye give me *peace* ?

Away ! my weary soul hath sought
In vain one echoing sigh,
One answer to consuming thought
In human hearts—and will the *wave* reply ?

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering Sea !
Sound in thy scorn and pride !
I ask not, alien world ! from thee
What my own kindred earth hath still denied.

And yet I loved that earth so well,
With all its lovely things !
Was it for this the death-wind fell
On my rich lyre, and quenched its living strings ?

Let them lie silent at my feet !
Since, broken even as they,
The heart whose music made them sweet
Hath poured on desert sands its wealth away.

Yet glory's light hath touched my name,
The laurel-wreath is mine—
With a lone heart, a weary frame,
O restless Deep ! I come to make them thine.

Give to that crown, that burning crown,
Place in thy darkest hold !
Bury my anguish, my renown,
With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold.

Thou sea-bird on the billow's crest !
Thou hast thy love, thy home ;
They wait thee in the quiet nest,
And I, the unsought, unwatched-for—I too come !

I, with this wingèd nature fraught,
These visions wildly free,
This boundless love, this fiery thought—
Alone I come—oh ! give me peace, dark Sea !

DIRGE

WHERE shall we make her grave ?
Oh ! where the wild-flowers wave
In the free air !
Where shower and singing-bird

Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there !

Harsh was the world to her—
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill :
Low on sweet nature's breast
Let the meek heart find rest,
Deep, deep, and still !

Murmur, glad waters ! by ;
Faint gales ! with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed,
Where on a gentle head
Storms beat no more !

What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring-rain,
Plays the soft wind ?
Yet still, from where she lies,
Should blessed breathings rise,
Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew
Thence in the heart renew
Life's vernal glow ;
And o'er that holy earth
Scents of the violet's birth
Still come and go !

Oh ! then, where wild-flowers wave,
Make ye her mossy grave,

In the free air !
Where shower and singing-bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there !

MIGNON'S SONG

TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE

[MIGNON, a young and enthusiastic girl, (the character in one of Goethe's romances, from which Sir Walter Scott's Fenella is partially imitated,) has been stolen away, in early childhood, from Italy. Her vague recollections of that land, and of her early home, with its graceful sculptures and pictured saloons, are perpetually haunting her, and break forth into the following song.]

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen?"

Know'st thou the land where bloom the citron bowers,
Where the gold orange lights the dusky grove ?
High waves the laurel there, the myrtle flowers,
And through a still blue heaven the sweet winds rove.
Know'st thou it well ?

There, there, with thee,
O friend ! O loved one ! fain my steps would flee.

Know'st thou the dwelling ? There the pillars rise,
Soft shines the hall, the painted chambers glow ;
And forms of marble seem with pitying eyes
To say—'Poor child ! what thus hath wrought thee woe ?'
Know'st thou it well ?

There, there with thee,
O my protector ! homewards might I flee !

Know'st thou the mountain? High its bridge is hung,
Where the mule seeks through mist and cloud his way;
There lurk the dragon-race, deep caves among,
O'er beetling rocks there foams the torrent spray.
Know'st thou it well?

With thee, with thee,
There lies my path, O father! let us flee!

THE CURFEW-SONG OF ENGLAND

HARK! from the dim church-tower,
The deep slow Curfew's chime!—
A heavy sound unto hall and bower
In England's olden time!
Sadly 'twas heard by him who came
From the fields of his toil at night,
And who might not see his own hearth-flame
In his children's eyes make light.

Sternly and sadly heard,
As it quenched the wood-fire's glow,
Which had cheered the board with the mirthful word,
And the red wine's foaming flow;
Until that sullen boding knell,
Flung out from every fane,
On harp, and lip, and spirit fell,
With a weight and with a chain.

Woe for the pilgrim then
In the wild-deer's forest far!
No cottage lamp to the haunts of men
Might guide him, as a star.

And woe for him whose wakeful soul,
With lone aspirings filled,
Would have lived o'er some immortal scroll,
While the sounds of earth were stilled !

And yet a deeper woe
For the watcher by the bed,
Where the fondly-loved in pain lay low,
In pain and sleepless dread !
For the mother, doomed unseen to keep
By the dying babe her place,
And to feel its sleeping pulse, and weep,
Yet not behold its face !

Darkness in chieftain's hall !
Darkness in peasant's cot !
While Freedom, under that shadowy pall,
Sat mourning o'er her lot.
Oh ! the fireside's peace we well may prize !
For blood hath flowed like rain,
Poured forth to make sweet sanctuaries
Of England's homes again.

Heap the yule-fagots high
Till the red light fills the room !
It is Home's own hour when the stormy sky
Grows thick with evening gloom.
Gather ye round the holy hearth !
And by its gladdening blaze,
Unto thankful bliss we will change our mirth,
With a thought of the olden days.

THE CALL TO BATTLE

"Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated."—BYRON.

THE vesper-bell from church and tower
Had sent its dying sound ;
And the household in the hush of eve
Were met their porch around.

A voice rang through the olive-wood, with a sudden
trumpet's power—

"We rise on all our hills ! Come forth ! 'tis thy country's
gathering-hour.

There's a gleam of spears by every stream in each old
battle-dell :

Come forth, young Juan ! Bid thy home a brief and
proud farewell !"

Then the father gave his son the sword
Which a hundred fights had seen—

"Away ! and bear it back, my boy,
All that it still hath been !"

"Haste, haste ! The hunters of the foe are up : and who
shall stand

The lion-like awakening of the roused indignant land ?
Our chase shall sound through each defile where 'swept
the clarion's blast,

With the flying footsteps of the Moor, in stormy ages
past."

Then the mother kissed her son, with tears
That o'er his dark locks fell :
" I bless, I bless thee o'er and o'er,
Yet I stay thee not—Farewell !

"One moment ! but one moment give to parting thought
or word !
It is no time for woman's tears when manhood's heart
is stirred.
Bear but the memory of my love about thee in the
fight,
To breathe upon the avenging sword a spell of keener
might."

And a maiden's fond adieu was heard,
Though deep, yet brief and low :
" In the vigil, in the conflict, love !
My prayer shall with thee go !"

"Come forth ! come as the torrent comes when the
winter's chain is burst !
So rushes on the land's revenge, in night and silence
nursed.
The night is passed, the silence o'er—on all our hills
we rise :
We wait thee, youth ! sleep, dream no more ! the voice
of battle cries."

There were sad hearts in a darkened home,
When the brave had left their bower ;
But the strength of prayer and sacrifice
Was with them in that hour.

NIGHT-BLOWING FLOWERS

CHILDREN of Night ! unfolding meekly, slowly
To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours,
When dark blue heavens look softest and most holy,
And glow-worm light is in the forest bowers ;

To solemn things and deep,
To spirit-haunted sleep,
To thoughts all purified
From earth, ye seem allied,
O dedicated flowers !

Ye, from the gaze of crowds your beauty veiling,
Keep in dim vestal urns the sweetness shrined ;
Till the mild moon, on high serenely sailing,
Looks on you tenderly and sadly kind.

—So doth Love's dreaming heart
Dwell from the throng apart,
And but to shades disclose
The inmost thought, which glows
With its pure life entwined.

Shut from the sounds wherein the day rejoices,
To no triumphant song your petals thrill,
But send forth odours with the faint soft voices
Rising from hidden streams, when all is still.

—So doth lone Prayer arise,
Mingling with secret sighs,
When grief unfolds, like you,
Her breast, for heavenly dew
In silent hours to fill.

THE WANDERER AND THE NIGHT-FLOWERS

CALL back your odours, lovely flowers !
From the night-winds call them back ;
And fold your leaves till the laughing Hours
Come forth in the sunbeam's track !

The lark lies couched in her grassy nest,
And the honey-bee is gone,
And all bright things are away to rest—
Why watch ye here alone ?

Is not your world a mournful one,
When your sisters close their eyes,
And your soft breath meets not a lingering tone
Of song in the starry skies ?

Take ye no joy in the dayspring's birth,
When it kindles the sparks of dew ?
And the thousand strains of the forest's mirth,
Shall they gladden all but you ?

Shut your sweet bells till the fawn comes out
On the sunny turf to play,
And the woodland child with a fairy shout
Goes dancing on its way !

“ Nay ! let our shadowy beauty bloom
When the stars give quiet light,
And let us offer our faint perfume
On the silent shrine of Night.

" Call it not wasted, the scent we lend
 To the breeze, when no step is nigh :
 Oh, thus for ever the earth should send
 Her grateful breath on high !

" And love us as emblems, Night's dewy flowers,
 Of hopes unto sorrow given,
 That spring through the gloom of the darkest hours
 Looking alone to heaven ! "

THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK

" Adieu, adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades."—KEATS.

" Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest ;
 Like a cloud of fire
 The blue deep thou wingest ;

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."—SHELLEY.

MIDST the long reeds that o'er a Grecian stream
 Unto the faint wind sighed melodiously,
 And where the sculpture of a broken shrine
 Sent out thro' shadowy grass and thick wild-flowers
 Dim alabaster gleams,—a lonely swan
 Warbled his death-chant. And a poet stood
 Listening to that strange music, as it shook
 The lilies on the wave, and made the pines
 And all the laurels of the haunted shore
 Thrill to its passion. Oh ! the tones were sweet,
 Even painfully—as with the sweetness wrung
 From parting love ; and to the poet's thought
This was their language :

“ O SUMMER ! I depart—
O light and laughing summer ! fare-thee-well :
No song the less through thy rich woods will swell,
For one, one broken heart.

“ And fare-ye-well, young flowers !
Ye will not mourn ! ye will shed odour still,
And wave in glory, colouring every rill
Known to my youth's fresh hours.

“ And ye, bright founts ! that lie
Far in the whispering forests, lone and deep,
My wing no more shall stir your shadowy sleep—
Sweet waters ! I must die.

“ Will ye not send one tone
Of sorrow through the pines ?—one murmur low ?
Shall not the green leaves from your voices know
That I, your child, am gone ?

“ No ! ever glad and free,
Ye have no sounds a tale of death to tell :
Waves, joyous waves ! flow on, and fare-ye-well !
Ye will not mourn for me.

“ But thou, sweet boon ! too late
Poured on my parting breath, vain gift of song !
Why com'st thou thus, o'ermastering, rich and strong,
In the dark hour of fate ?

“ Only to wake the sighs
Of echo-voices from their sparry cell ;
Only to say—O sunshine and blue skies !
O life and love ! farewell !”

Thus flowed the death-chant on ; while mournfully
Low winds and waves made answer, and the tones
Buried in rocks along the Grecian stream—
Rocks and dim caverns of old Prophecy—
Woke to respond : and all the air was filled
With that one sighing sound—*Farewell ! farewell !*
—Filled with that sound ? High in the calm blue heaven
Even then a skylark hung ; soft summer clouds
Were floating round him, all transpierced with light,
And midst that pearly radiance his dark wings
Quivered with song : such free triumphant song,
As if tears were not,—as if breaking hearts
Had not a place below ;—and thus *that* strain
Spoke to the poet's ear exultingly :—

“THE summer is come ; she hath said *Rejoice !*
The wild-woods thrill to her merry voice ;
Her sweet breath is wandering around, on high :
Sing, sing through the echoing sky !

“There is joy in the mountains ! The bright waves leap
Like the bounding stag when he breaks from sleep ;
Mirthfully, wildly, they flash along—
Let the heavens ring with song !

“There is joy in the forests ! The bird of night
Hath made the leaves tremble with deep delight ;
But *mine* is the glory to sunshine given—
Sing, sing through the echoing heaven !

“Mine are the wings of the soaring morn,
Mine are the fresh gales with dayspring born :
Only young Rapture can mount so high—
Sing, sing, through the echoing sky !”

So those two voices met ; so Joy and Death
Mingled their accents ; and, amidst the rush
Of many thoughts, the listening poet cried,—
“ Oh ! thou art mighty, thou art wonderful,
Mysterious Nature ! Not in thy free range
Of woods and wilds alone, thou blindest thus
The dirge-note and the song of festival ;
But in one *heart*, one changeful human heart—
Ay, and within one hour of that strange world—
Thou call'st their music forth, with all its tones,
To startle and to pierce !—the dying swan's,
And the glad skylark's—Triumph and Despair ! ”

ECHO SONG

In thy cavern-hall,
Echo ! art thou sleeping ?
By the fountain's fall
Dreamy silence keeping ?
Yet one soft note borne
From the shepherd's horn,
Wakes thee, Echo ! into music leaping.
—Strange, sweet Echo ! into music leaping.

Then the woods rejoice,
Then glad sounds are swelling
From each sister-voice
Round thy rocky dwelling ;
And their sweetness fills
All the hollow hills,
With a thousand notes, of *one* life telling !
—Softly mingled notes, of one life telling.

Echo ! in my heart
Thus deep thoughts are lying,
Silent and apart,
Buried, yet undying ;
Till some gentle tone
Wakening haply *one*,
Calls a thousand forth, like thee replying !
—Strange, sweet Echo ! even like thee replying.

THE MUFFLED DRUM

THE muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull, deep, rolling sound,
Which told the hamlets round
Of a soldier's burial-rite.

But it told them not how dear,
In a home beyond the main,
Was the warrior-youth laid low that hour
By a mountain-stream of Spain.

The oaks of England waved
O'er the slumbers of his race,
But a pine of the Ronceval made moan
Above *his* last lone place ;

When the muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull, deep, rolling sound,
Which called strange echoes round
To the soldier's burial-rite.

Brief was the sorrowing *there*,
By the stream from battle red,
And tossing on its wave the plumes
Of many a stately head :

But a mother—soon to die,
And a sister—long to weep,
Even then were breathing prayers for him,
In that home beyond the deep ;

While the muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull, deep, rolling sound,
And the dark pines mourned around,
O'er the soldier's burial-rite.

GENIUS SINGING TO LOVE

"That voice re-measures
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
The things of nature utter ; birds or trees,
Or where the tall grass mid the heath-plant waves,
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze."—COLERIDGE.

I HEARD a song upon the wandering wind,
A song of many tones—though one full soul
Breathed through them all imploringly ; and made
All nature as they passed, all quivering leaves
And low responsive reeds and waters, thrill
As with the consciousness of human prayer.
At times the passion-kindled melody
Might seem to gush from Sappho's fervent heart,

Over the wild sea-wave ;—at times the strain
Flowed with more plaintive sweetness, as if born
Of Petrarch's voice, beside the lone Vaucluse ;
And sometimes with its melancholy swell
A graver sound was mingled, a deep note
Of Tasso's holy lyre. Yet still the tones
Were of a suppliant—" *Leave me not !* " was still
The burden of their music ; and I knew
The lay which Genius, in its loneliness,
Its own still world amidst the o'erpeopled world,
Hath ever breathed to Love.

" THEY crown me with the glistening crown,
Borne from a deathless tree ;
I hear the pealing music of renown—
O Love ! forsake me not !
Mine were a lone dark lot,
Bereft of thee !

" They tell me that my soul can throw
A glory o'er the earth ;
From thee, from *thee*, is caught that golden glow !
Shed by thy gentle eyes,
It gives to flower and skies
A bright, new birth !

" Thence gleams the path of morning
Over the kindling hills, a sunny zone !
Thence to its heart of hearts the rose is burning
With lustre not its own !
Thence every wood-recess
Is filled with loveliness,
Each bower, to ringdoves and dim violets known.

" I see all beauty by the ray
That streameth from thy smile ;
Oh ! bear it, bear it not away !
Can that sweet light beguile ?
Too pure, too spirit-like it seems,
To linger long by earthly streams ;
I clasp it with the alloy
Of fear midst quivering joy.
Yet must I perish if the gift depart—
Leave me not, Love ! to mine own beating heart !

" The music from my lyre
With thy swift step would flee ;
The world's cold breath would quench the starry fire
In my deep soul—a temple filled with thee !
Sealed would the fountains lie,
The waves of harmony,
Which thou alone canst free !

" Like a shrine midst rocks forsaken,
Whence the oracle hath fled :
Like a harp which none might waken
But a mighty master dead ;
Like the vase of a perfume scattered,
Such would my spirit be—
So mute, so void, so shattered,
Bereft of thee !

" Leave me not, Love ! or if this earth
Yield not for thee a home,
If the bright summer-land of thy pure birth
Send thee a silvery voice that whispers '*Come !*

Then, with the glory from the rose,
 With the sparkle from the stream,
 With the light thy rainbow-presence throws
 Over the poet's dream ;
 With all the Elysian hues
 Thy pathway that suffuse,
 With joy, with music, from the fading grove,
 Take *me*, too, heavenward on thy wing, sweet Love ! "

A SONG OF THE ROSE

" Così fior diavral che non soggiasce
 All 'acqua, al galo, al vento ed allo scherzo
 D'una stagion volubile e fugace ;
 E a più sodo Cultor posto in governo,
 Unir potrai nella tranquilla pace,
 Ad eterna Bellezza odore eterno."—METASTASIO.

ROSE ! what dost thou here,
 Bridal, royal rose ?
 How, midst grief and fear,
 Canst thou thus disclose
 That fervid hue of love, which to thy heart-leaf glows ?

Rose ! too much arrayed
 For triumphal hours,
 Look'st thou through the shade
 Of these mortal bowers,
 Not to disturb my soul, thou crowned one of all flowers ?

As an eagle soaring
 Through a sunny sky,
 As a clarion pouring
 Notes of victory,
 So dost *thou* kindle thoughts for earthly life too high :

Thoughts of rapture, flushing
Youthful poet's cheek ;
Thoughts of glory, rushing
Forth in song to break,
But finding the spring-tide of rapid song too weak.

Yet, O festal rose !
I have seen thee lying
In thy bright repose
Pillowed with the dying,
Thy crimson by the lip whence life's quick blood was flying.

Summer, hope, and love
O'er that bed of pain
Met in thee, yet wove
Too, too frail a chain
In its embracing links the lovely to detain.

Smilest thou, gorgeous flower ?
Oh ! within the spells
Of thy beauty's power,
Something dimly dwells,
At variance with a world of sorrows and farewells.

All the soul forth flowing
In that rich perfume,
All the proud life glowing
In that radiant bloom—
Have they no place but *here*, beneath the o'ershadowing tomb ?

Crown'st thou but the daughters
Of our tearful race ?
Heaven's own purest waters
Well might wear the trace
Of thy consummate form, melting to softer grace.

Will that clime enfold thee
With immortal air ?
Shall we not behold thee
Bright and deathless there,
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendantly more fair ?

Yes ! my fancy sees thee
In that light disclose,
And its dream thus frees thee
From the mist of woes,
Darkening thine earthly bowers, O bridal royal rose !

MUSIC AT A DEATHBED.

"Music ! why thy power employ
Only for the sons of joy ?
Only for the smiling guests
At natal or at nuptial feasts ?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour ;
And with some softly-whispered air
Smooth the brow of dumb despair !"

WATSON from EURIPIDES.

BRING music ! stir the brooding air
With an ethereal breath !
Bring sounds, my struggling soul to bear
Up from the couch of death !

A voice, a flute, a dreamy lay,
Such as the southern breeze
Might waft, at golden fall of day,
O'er blue transparent seas !

Oh, no ! not such ! That lingering spell
Would lure me back to life,
When my weaned heart hath said farewell,
And passed the gates of strife.

Let not a sigh of human love
Blend with the song its tone !
Let no disturbing echo move
One that must die alone !

But pour a solemn-breathing strain
Filled with the soul of prayer !
Let a life's conflict, fear, and pain,
And trembling hope be there.

Deeper, yet deeper ! In my thought
Lies more prevailing sound,
A harmony intensely fraught
With pleading more profound.

A passion unto music given,
A sweet, yet piercing cry ;
A breaking heart's appeal to Heaven,
A bright faith's victory !

Deeper ! Oh ! may no richer power
Be in those notes enshrined ?
Can all which crowds on earth's last hour
No fuller language find ?

Away ! and hush the feeble song,
And let the chord be stilled !
Far in another land ere long
My dream shall be fulfilled.

MARSHAL SCHWERIN'S GRAVE

[" I CAME upon the tomb of Marshal Schwerin — a plain, quiet cenotaph, erected in the middle of a wide corn-field, on the very spot where he closed a long, faithful, and glorious career in arms. He fell here, at eighty years of age, at the head of his own regiment, the standard of it waving in his hand. His seat was in the leathern saddle—his foot in the iron stirrup—his fingers reined the young war-horse to the last."—*Notes and Reflections during a Ramble into Germany.*]

THOU didst fall in the field with thy silver hair,
And a banner in thy hand ;
Thou wert laid to rest from thy battles there,
By a proudly mournful band.

In the camp, on the steed, to the bugle's blast,
Thy long bright years had sped ;
And a warrior's bier was thine at last,
When the snows had crowned thy head.

Many had fallen by thy side, old chief !
Brothers and friends, perchance ;
But thou wert yet as the fadeless leaf,
And light was in thy glance.

The soldier's heart at thy step leapt high,
And thy voice the war-horse knew ;
And the first to arm, when the foe was nigh,
Wert thou, the bold and true.

Now may'st thou slumber—thy work is done—
Thou of the well-worn sword !
From the stormy fight in thy fame thou'rt gone, /
But not to the festal board.

The corn-sheaves whisper thy grave around,
Where fiery blood hath flowed :
O lover of battle and trumpet-sound !
Thou art couched in a still abode.

A quiet home from the noon-day's glare,
And the breath of the wintry blast—
Didst thou toil through the days of thy silvery hair,
To win thee but *this* at last ?

THE FALLEN LIME-TREE

O JOY of the peasant ! O stately lime !
Thou art fallen in thy golden honey-time !
Thou whose wavy shadows
Long and long ago
Screened our gray forefathers
From the noontide's glow ;
Thou, beneath whose branches,
Touched with moonlight gleams,
Lay our early poets
Wrapt in fairy dreams.
O tree of our fathers ! O hallowed tree !
A glory is gone from our home with thee.

Where shall now the weary
Rest through summer eves ?
Or the bee find honey
As on thy sweet leaves ?
Where shall now the ringdove
Build again her nest ?

She so long the inmate
Of thy fragrant breast !
But the sons of the peasant have lost in thee
Far more than the ringdove, far more than the bee !

These may yet find coverts
Leafy and profound,
Full of dewy dimness,
Odour, and soft sound :
But the gentle memories
Clinging all to thee,
When shall they be gathered
Round another tree ?
O pride of our fathers ! O hallowed tree !
The crown of the hamlet is fallen in thee !

THE BIRD AT SEA

BIRD of the greenwood !
Oh, why art thou here ?
Leaves dance not o'er thee,
Flowers bloom not near.
All the sweet waters
Far hence are at play—
Bird of the greenwood !
Away, away !

Where the mast quivers
Thy place will not be,
As midst the waving
Of wild-rose and tree.

How shouldst thou battle
With storm and with spray?
Bird of the greenwood !
Away, away !

Or art thou seeking
Some brighter land,
Where by the south wind
Vine leaves are fanned ?
Midst the wild billows
Why then delay ?
Bird of the greenwood !
Away, away !

“ Chide not my lingering
Where storms are dark ;
A hand that hath nursed me
Is in the bark—
A heart that hath cherished
Through winter's long day :
So I turn from the greenwood
Away, away ! ”

FAR AWAY

FAR away !—my home is far away,
Where the blue sea laves a mountain-shore ;
In the woods I hear my brothers play,
Midst the flowers my sister sings once more,
Far away !

Far away !—my dreams are far away,
When at midnight stars and shadows reign :
“ Gentle child ! ” my mother seems to say,
“ Follow me where home shall smile again,
Far away ! ”

Far away !—my hope is far away,
Where love's voice young gladness may restore.
O thou dove ! now soaring through the day,
Lend me wings to reach that better shore,
Far away !

KEENE ; OR, LAMENT OF AN IRISH
MOTHER OVER HER SON

[THIS lament is intended to imitate the peculiar style of the Irish Keenes, many of which are distinguished by a wild and deep pathos, and other characteristics analogous to those of the national music.]

DARKLY the cloud of night comes rolling on ;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son !
Silent and dark !

There is blood upon the threshold
Whence thy step went forth at morn
Like a dancer's in its fleetness,
O my bright first-born !
At the glad sound of that footstep
My heart within me smiled ;
Thou wert brought me back all silent
On thy bier, my child !

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on ;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son !
 Silent and dark !

I thought to see thy children
 Laugh on me with thine eyes ;
But my sorrow's voice is lonely
 Where my life's flower lies.
I shall go to sit beside thee,
 Thy kindred's graves among ;
I shall hear the tall grass whisper—
 I shall not hear it long.

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on ;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son !
 Silent and dark !

And I, too, shall find slumber
 With my lost one in the earth ;—
Let none light up the ashes
 Again on our hearth !
Let the roof go down !—let silence
 On the home for ever fall,
Where my boy lay cold, and heard not
 His lone mother's call !

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on ;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son !
 Silent and dark !

THE MUSIC OF ST PATRICK'S

[THE choral music of St Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, is almost unrivalled in its combined powers of voice, organ, and scientific skill. The majestic harmony of effect thus produced is not a little deepened by the character of the church itself, which, though small, yet with its dark rich fretwork, knightly helmets and banners, and old monumental effigies, seems all filled and overshadowed by the spirit of chivalrous antiquity. The imagination never fails to recognise it as a fitting scene for high solemnities of old—a place to witness the solitary vigil of arms, or to resound with the funeral march at the burial of some warlike king.]

"All the choir
Sang Hallelujah, as the sound of seas"—MILTON.

AGAIN ! oh ! send that anthem-peal again
Through the arched roof in triumph to the sky !
Bid the old tombs ring proudly to the strain,
The banners thrill as if with victory !

Such sounds the warrior awe-struck might have heard,
While armed for fields of chivalrous renown :
Such the high hearts of kings might well have stirred,
While throbbing still beneath the recent crown !

These notes once more !—they bear my soul away,
They lend the wings of morning to its flight ;
No earthly passion in the exulting lay
Whispers one tone to win me from that height.

All is of Heaven ! Yet wherefore to mine eye
Gush the vain tears unbidden from their source,
Even while the waves of that strong harmony
Roll with my spirit on their sounding course ?

Wherefore must rapture its full heart reveal
Thus by the burst of sorrow's token-shower?
—Oh! is it not, that humbly we may feel
Our nature's limit in its proudest hour?

THE LONELY BIRD

FROM a ruin thou art singing,
O lonely, lonely bird!
The soft blue air is ringing,
By the summer music stirred.
But all is dark and cold beneath,
Where harps no more are heard:
Whence win'st thou that exulting breath,
O lonely, lonely bird?

Thy songs flow richly swelling
To a triumph of glad sounds,
As from its cavern-dwelling
A stream in glory bounds—
Though the castle-echoes catch no tone
Of human step or word,
Tho' the fires be quenched and the feasting done,
O lonely, lonely bird!

How can that flood of gladness
Rush through thy fiery lay,
From the haunted place of sadness,
From the bosom of decay—
While the dirge-notes in the breeze's moan,
Through the ivy garlands heard,
Come blent with thy rejoicing tone,
O lonely, lonely bird!

There's many a heart, wild singer !
Like thy forsaken tower,
Where joy no more may linger,
Where Love hath left his bower ;
And there's many a spirit even like thee,
To mirth as lightly stirred,
Though it soar from ruins in its glee,
O lonely, lonely bird !

THE IVY-SONG

OH ! how could fancy crown with *thee*,
In ancient days, the God of Wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the Vine !
Ivy ! *thy* home is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er ;
Where song and beaker once went round,
But now are known no more ;
Where long-fallen gods recline,
There the place is thine.

The Roman on his battle-plains,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
With thee, amidst exulting strains,
Shadowed the victor's tent.
Though shining there in deathless green
Triumphantly thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lov'st the silent scene
Around the victor's grave—
Urn and sculpture half divine
Yield their place to thine.

The cold halls of the regal dead,
Where lone the Italian sunbeams dwell,
Where hollow sounds the lightest tread—
Ivy ! they know thee well !
And far above the festal vine
Thou wav'st where once proud banners hung,
Where mouldering turrets crest the Rhine—
The Rhine, still fresh and young !
Tower and rampart o'er the Rhine,
Ivy ! all are thine !

High from the fields of air look down
Those eyries of a vanished race,
Where harp and battle and renown
Have passed, and left no trace.
But thou art there !—serenely bright,
Meeting the mountain-storms with bloom,
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
Or crown the lowliest tomb !
Ivy ! Ivy ! all are thine,
Palace, hearth, and shrine,

'Tis still the same : our pilgrim-tread
O'er classic plains, through deserts free,
On the mute path of ages fled,
Still meets decay and thee.
And still let man his fabrics rear,
August in beauty, stern in power—
Days pass, thou Ivy never sere !
And thou shalt have thy dower.
All are thine, or must be thine—
Temple, pillar, shrine !

THE NECROMANCER

" Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please ?
Resolve me of all ambiguities ?
Perform what desperate enterprises I will ?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the New-found World
For pleasant fruits and princely delicacies."

MARLOW'S FAUSTUS.

AN old man on his deathbed lay, an old yet stately
man ;
His lip seemed moulded for command, though quivering
now, and wan ;
By fits a wild and wandering fire shot from his troubled
eye,
But his pale brow still austere wore its native
mastery.

There were gorgeous things from lands afar, strewn
round the mystic room ;
From where the orient palm-trees wave, bright gem and
dazzling plume ;
And vases with rich odour filled, that o'er the couch of
death
Shed forth, like groves from Indian isles, a spicy
summer's breath.

And sculptured forms of olden time, in their strange
beauty white,
Stood round the chamber solemnly, robed as in ghostly
light ;
All passionless and still they stood, and shining through
the gloom,
Like watchers of another world, stern angels of the
tomb.

'Twas silent as a midnight church, that dim and mystic
place,
While shadows cast from many thoughts o'erswept
the old man's face.
He spoke at last, and low and deep, yet piercing was
the tone,
To one that o'er him long had watched, in reverence
and alone.

"I leave," he said, "an empire dread, by mount, and
shore, and sea,
Wider than Roman Eagle's wing e'er traversed proudly
free ;
Never did King or Kaiser yet such high dominion
boast,
Or Soldan of the sunbeam's clime, girt with a conquering
host.

"They hear me—*they* that dwell far down where the
sea-serpent lies,
And they, the unseen, on Afric's hills that sport when
tempests rise ;
And they that rest in central caves, whence fiery
streams make way,
My lightest whisper shakes their sleep, they hear me,
and obey.

"They come to me with ancient wealth—with crown
and cup of gold,
From cities roofed with ocean-waves, that buried them
of old ;
They come from Earth's most hidden veins, which man
shall never find,
With gems that have the hues of fire deep at their
heart enshrined.

“ But a mightier power is on me now—it rules my
struggling breath;

I have swayed the rushing elements—but still and
strong is Death!

I quit my throne, yet leave I not my vassal-spirits
free—

Thou hast brave and high aspirings, youth!—my
Sceptre is for thee!

“ Now listen! I will teach thee words whose mastery
shall compel

The viewless ones to do thy work, in wave, or blood, or
hell!

But never, never mayst thou breathe those words in
human ear,

Until thou’rt laid, as I am now, the grave’s dark
portals near.”

His voice in faintness died away,—and a sudden flush
was seen,

A mantling of the rapid blood o’er the youth’s
impassioned mien—

A mantling and a fading swift, a look with sadness
fraught;

And that too passed—and boldly then rushed forth the
ardent thought.

“ Must those high words of sovereignty ne’er sound in
human ear?

I have a friend—a noble friend—as life or freedom
dear!

Thou offerest me a glorious gift—a proud majestic
throne,

But I know the secrets of *his* heart—and shall I seal
mine own?

"And there is one that loves me well, with yet a gentle love—

Oh ! is not *her* full, boundless faith, all power, all wealth above ?

Must a deep gulf between the souls, now closely linked, be set ?

Keep, keep the Sceptre !—leave me free, and loved and trustful yet !"

Then from the old man's haughty lips was heard the sad reply—

"Well hast thou chosen !—I blame thee not—I that unwept must die.

Live thou, beloved and trustful yet !—No more on human head

Be the sorrows of unworthy gifts from bitter vials shed !"

THE DYING GIRL AND FLOWERS

["I DESIRE as I look on these, the ornaments and children of earth, to know whether indeed such things I shall see no more?—whether they have no likeness, no archetype, in the world in which my future home is to be cast?—or whether they have their images above, only wrought in a more wondrous and delightful mould?"—*Conversations with an Ambitious Student in Ill Health.*]

BEAR them not from grassy dells
Where wild bees have honey-cells ;
Not from where sweet water-sounds
Thrill the greenwood to its bounds ;
Not to waste their scented breath
On the silent room of Death !

Kindred to the breeze they are,
And the glow-worm's emerald star,
And the bird whose song is free,
And the many-whispering tree :
Oh ! too deep a love, and vain,
They would win to earth again.

Spread them not before the eyes
Closing fast on summer skies !
Woo thou not the spirit back
From its lone and viewless track,
With the bright things which have birth
Wide o'er all the coloured earth !

With the violet's breath would rise
Thoughts too sad for her who dies ;
From the lily's pearl-cup shed,
Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed ;
Dreams of youth—of spring-time's eves—
Music—beauty—all she leaves !

Hush ! 'tis thou that dreaming art,
Calmer is *her* gentle heart.
Yes ! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,
Leaf and flower, hath gushed her love ;
But that passion, deep and true,
Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these
In their fragile mould she sees ;
Shadows of yet richer things
Born beside immortal springs,
Into fuller glory wrought,
Kindled by surpassing thought !

Therefore in the lily's leaf,
She can read no word of grief;
O'er the woodbine she can dwell,
Murmuring not—Farewell ! farewell !
And her dim, yet speaking eye
Greets the violet solemnly.

Therefore once, and yet again,
Strew them o'er her bed of pain ;
From her chamber take the gloom
With a light and flush of bloom :
So should one depart, who goes
Where no death can touch the rose.

DIRGE AT SEA

SLEEP !—we give thee to the wave,
Red with life-blood from the brave.
Thou shalt find a noble grave.
Fare-thee-well !

Sleep ! thy billowy field is won :
Proudly may the funeral gun,
Midst the hush at set of sun,
Boom thy knell !

Lonely, lonely is thy bed,
Never there may flower be shed,
Marble reared, or brother's head
Bowed to weep.

Yet thy record on the sea,
Borne through battle high and free,
Long the red-cross flag shall be.
Sleep ! oh, sleep !

THE LYRE AND FLOWER

A LYRE its plaintive sweetness poured
Forth on the wild wind's track ;
The stormy wanderer jarred the chord,
But gave no music back.—
O Child of Song !
Bear hence to heaven thy fire :
What hopest thou from the reckless throng ?
Be not like that lost lyre !
Not like that lyre !

A flower its leaves and odours cast
On a swift-rolling wave ;
The unheeding torrent darkly passed,
And back no treasure gave.—
O Heart of Love !
Waste not thy precious dower :
Turn to thine only home above !
Be not like that lost flower !
Not like that flower !

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS

["WE take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short moments : and then days, months, years intervene, and we see and know nothing of each other."—WASHINGTON IRVING.]

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,
When calms had stilled the tide ;
A few bright days of summer glee
There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave
Rose mingling thence in mirth ;
And sweetly floated o'er the wave
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main
Cloudless and lovely slept ;
While dancing step and festive strain
Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were linked, and answering eyes
With kindly meaning shone ;
Oh ! brief and passing sympathies,
Like leaves together blown !

A little while such joy was cast
Over the deep's repose,
Till the loud singing winds at last
Like trumpet-music rose.

And proudly, freely on their way
The parting vessels bore ;
In calm or storm, by rock or bay,
To meet—oh, never more !

Never to blend in victory's cheer,
To aid in hours of woe :
And thus bright spirits mingle here,
Such ties are formed below !

SISTER ! SINCE I MET THEE LAST

SISTER ! since I met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath passed.
In the softness of thine eyes,
Deep and still a shadow lies ;
From thy voice there thrills a tone
Never to thy childhood known ;
Through thy soul a storm hath moved,
—Gentle sister ! thou hast loved !

Yes ! thy varying cheek hath caught
Hues too bright from troubled thought ;
Far along the wandering stream
Thou art followed by a dream ;
In the woods and valleys lone
Music haunts thee, not thine own.
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain ?
—Sister ! thou hast loved in vain !

PILGRIM'S SONG TO THE EVENING STAR 229

Tell me not the tale, my flower !
On my bosom pour that shower !
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted ;
Tell me not of young hopes blasted ;
Wring not forth one burning word,
Let thy heart no more be stirred !
Home alone can give thee rest.
—Weep, sweet sister ! on my breast.

PILGRIM'S SONG TO THE EVENING STAR

O soft star of the west !
 Gleaming far,
Thou'rt guiding all things home,
 Gentle star !
Thou bring'st from rock and wave
 The sea-bird to her nest,
The hunter from the hills,
 The fisher back to rest.
Light of a thousand streams,
 Gleaming far !
O soft star of the west !
 Blessed star !

No bowery roof is mine,
 No hearth of love and rest,
Yet guide me to my shrine,
 O soft star of the west !
There, there my home shall be,
 Heaven's dew shall cool my breast,
When prayer and tear gush free,
 O soft star of the west !

O soft star of the west,
 Gleaming far !
Thou'rt guiding all things home,
 Gentle star !
Shine from thy rosy heaven,
 Pour joy on earth and sea !
Shine on, though no sweet eyes
 Look forth to watch for me !
Light of a thousand streams,
 Gleaming afar !
O soft star of the west !
 Blessed star !

WELSH MELODIES

THE HARP OF WALES

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS

HARP of the Mountain-land ! sound forth again
As when the foaming Hirlas* horn was crowned,
And warrior hearts beat proudly to the strain,
And the bright mead at Owain's feast went round.
Wake with the spirit and the power of yore !
Harp of the ancient hills ! be heard once more.

Thy tones are not to cease ! The Roman came
O'er the blue waters with his thousand oars :
Through Mona's oaks he sent the wasting flame ;
The Druid shrines lay prostrate on our shores :
All gave their ashes to the wind and sea—
Ring out, thou Harp ! he could not silence thee.

* Hirlas, from *hir*, long, and *glas*, blue or azure.

Thy tones are not to cease ! The Saxon passed,
His banners floated on Eryri's * gales ;
But thou wert heard above the trumpet's blast,
Even when his towers rose loftiest o'er the vales !
Thine was the voice that cheered the brave and free ;
They had their hills, their chainless hearts, and thee.

Those were dark years !—They saw the valiant fall,
The rank weeds gathering round the chieftain's board,
The hearth left lonely in the ruined hall—

Yet power was *thine*—a gift in every chord !
Call back that spirit to the days of peace,
Thou noble Harp ! thy tones are not to cease !

DRUID CHORUS ON THE LANDING OF THE ROMANS

By the dread and viewless powers
Whom the storms and seas obey,
From the Dark Isle's † mystic bowers,
Romans ! o'er the deep away !
Think ye, 'tis but nature's gloom
O'er our shadowy coast which broods ?
By the altar and the tomb,
Shun these haunted solitudes !

Know ye Mona's awful spells ?
She the rolling orbs can stay ;
She the mighty grave compels
Back to yield its fettered prey !

* The Snowdon mountains. † An ancient name for Anglesey.

Fear ye not the lightning stroke ?
Mark ye not the fiery sky ?
Hence !—around our central oak
Gods are gathering—Romans fly !

THE HIRLAS HORN

FILL high the blue hirlas that shines like the wave ¹
When sunbeams are bright on the spray of the sea ;
And bear thou the rich foaming mead to the brave,
The dragons of battle, the sons of the free !
To those from whose spears in the shock of the fight,
A beam, like heaven's lightning, ² flashed over the field ;
To those who came rushing as storms in their might,
Who have shivered the helmet, and cloven the shield ;
The sound of whose strife was like oceans afar,
When lances were red from the harvest of war.

Fill high the blue hirlas ! O cup-bearer, fill
For the lords of the field in their festival's hour ;
And let the mead foam, like the stream of the hill
That bursts o'er the rock in the pride of its power.
Praise, praise to the mighty ! fill high the smooth horn
Of honour and mirth, ³ for the conflict is o'er ;
And round let the golden-tipped hirlas be borne
To the lion-defenders of Gwynedd's fair shore,
Who rushed to the field where the glory was won,
As eagles that soar from their cliffs to the sun.

Fill higher the hirlas ! forgetting not those
Who shared its bright draught in the days which are fled !

Though cold on their mountains the valiant repose,
Their lot shall be lovely—renown to the dead !
While harps in the hall of the feast shall be strung,
While regal Eryri with snow shall be crowned—
So long by the bards shall their battles be sung,
And the heart of the hero shall burn at the sound.
The free winds of Maelor* shall swell with their name,
And Owain's rich hirlas be filled to their fame.

THE HALL OF CYNDDYLAN


THE Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy to-night ;⁴
I weep, for the grave has extinguished its light ;
The beam of the lamp from its summit is o'er,
The blaze of its hearth shall give welcome no more !

The Hall of Cynddylan is voiceless and still,
The sound of its harpings hath died on the hill !
Be silent for ever, thou desolate scene !
Nor let even an echo recall what hath been.

The Hall of Cynddylan is lonely and bare,
No banquet, no guest, not a footstep is there !
Oh ! where are the warriors who circled its board !
The grass will soon wave where the mead-cup was poured !

The Hall of Cynddylan is loveless to-night,
Since he is departed whose smile made it bright !
I mourn ; but the sigh of my soul shall be brief,
The pathway is short to the grave of my chief !

* *Maelor*, part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint.



THE SEA-SONG OF GAFRAN

WATCH ye well ! The moon is shrouded
On her bright throne ;
Storms are gathering, stars are clouded,
Waves make wild moan.
'Tis no night of hearth-fires glowing,
And gay songs and wine-cups flowing ;
But of winds in darkness blowing
O'er seas unknown !

In the dwellings of our fathers,
Round the glad blaze,
Now the festive circle gathers
With harps and lays ;
Now the rush-strewn halls are ringing,
Steps are bounding, bards are singing,
—Ay ! the hour to all is bringing
Peace, joy, or praise.


Save to us, our night-watch keeping,
Storm-winds to brave,
While the very sea-bird sleeping
Rests in its cave !
Think of us when hearts are beaming,
Think of us when mead is streaming,
Ye, of whom our souls are dreaming
On the dark wave !

THE LAMENT OF LLYWARCH HEN

[LLYWARCH HEN, or Llywarch the Aged, a celebrated bard and chief of the times of Arthur, was Prince of Argoed, supposed to be a part of the present Cumberland. Having sustained the loss of his patrimony, and witnessed the fall of most of his sons, in the unequal contest maintained by the North Britons against the growing power of the Saxons, Llywarch was compelled to fly from his country, and seek refuge in Wales. He there found an asylum for some time in the residence of Cynddylan, Prince of Powys, whose fall he pathetically laments in one of his poems. These are still extant; and his elegy on old age and the loss of his sons is remarkable for its simplicity and beauty.—See *Cambrian Biography*, and OWEN's *Heroic Elegies and other Poems of Llywarch Hen*.]

THE bright hours return, and the blue sky is ringing
With song, and the hills are all mantled with bloom;
But fairer than aught which the summer is bringing,
The beauty and youth gone to people the tomb!
Oh! why should I live to hear music resounding,
Which cannot awake ye, my lovely, my brave?
Why smile the waste flowers, my sad footsteps surrounding?
My sons! they but clothe the green turf of your grave!

Alone on the rocks of the stranger I linger,
My spirit all wrapt in the past as a dream!
Mine ear hath no joy in the voice of the singer,
Mine eye sparkles not to the sunlight's glad beam.
Yet, yet I live on, though forsaken and weeping!
O grave! why refuse to the aged thy bed,
When valour's high heart on thy bosom is sleeping,
When youth's glorious flower is gone down to the dead!



Fair were ye, my sons ! and all kingly your bearing,
As on to the fields of your glory ye trode !
Each prince of my race the bright golden chain wearing,
Each eye glancing fire, shrouded now by the sod !⁵
I weep when the blast of the trumpet is sounding,
Which rouses ye not, O my lovely! my brave !
When warriors and chiefs to their proud steeds are
 bounding,
I turn from heaven's light, for it smiles on your grave.⁶

THE GREEN ISLES OF OCEAN ⁷

WHERE are they, those green fairy islands, reposing
In sunlight and beauty on ocean's calm breast ?
What spirit, the things which are hidden disclosing,
Shall point the bright way to their dwellings of rest ?

Oh ! lovely they rose on the dreams of past ages :
The mighty have sought them, undaunted in faith ;
But the land hath been sad for her warriors and sages,
For the guide to those realms of the blessed is death.

Where are they, the high-minded children of glory,
Who steered for those distant green spots on the wave ?
To the winds of the ocean they left their wild story,
In the fields of their country they found not a grave. 1

Perchance they repose where the summer-breeze gathers
From the flowers of each vale immortality's breath ;
But their steps shall be ne'er on the hills of their fathers,
For the guide to those realms of the blessed is death.

GRUFYDD'S FEAST

[“GRUFYDD AB RHYS AB TEWDWR, having resisted the English successfully in the time of Stephen, and at last obtained from them an honourable peace, made a great feast at his palace in *Ystrad Tywi* to celebrate this event. To this feast, which was continued for forty days, he invited all who would come in peace from *Gwynedd*, *Powys*, the *Deheubarth*, Glamorgan, and the marches. Against the appointed time he prepared all kinds of delicious viands and liquors, with every entertainment of vocal and instrumental song; thus patronising the poets and musicians. He encouraged, too, all sorts of representations and manly games, and afterwards sent away all those who had excelled in them with honourable gifts.”—*Cambrian Biography*.]

LET the yellow mead shine for the sons of the brave,
By the bright festal torches around us that wave !
Set open the gates of the prince's wide hall,
And hang up the chief's ruddy spear on the wall !
There is peace in the land we have battled to save :
Then spread ye the feast, bid the wine-cup foam high,
That those may rejoice who have feared not to die !

Let the horn whose loud blast gave the signal for fight,
With the bees' sunny nectar now sparkle in light ; *
Let the rich draught it offers with gladness be crowned,
For the strong hearts in combat that leaped at its sound !
Like the billows' dark swell was the path of their might,
Red, red as their blood, fill the wine-cup on high,
That those may rejoice who have feared not to die !

* The horn was used for two purposes—to sound the alarm in war, and drink the mead at feasts.

And wake ye the children of song from their dreams,
On Maelor's wild hills and by Dyfed's* fair streams.
Bid them haste with those strains of the lofty and free,
Which shall flow down the waves of long ages to be.
Sheath the sword which hath given them unperishing
 themes,
And pour the bright mead : let the wine-cup foam high,
That those may rejoice who have feared not to die !

THE CAMBRIAN IN AMERICA.

WHEN the last flush of eve is dying
 On boundless lakes afar that shine ;
When winds amidst the palms are sighing,
 And fragrance breathes from every pine : †
When stars through cypress-boughs are gleaming,
 And fire-flies wander bright and free,
Still of thy harps, thy mountains dreaming,
 My thoughts, wild Cambria ! dwell with thee !

Alone o'er green savannahs roving,
 Where some broad stream in silence flows,
Or through the eternal forests moving,
 One only home my spirit knows !
Sweet land, whence memory ne'er hath parted !
 To thee on sleep's light wing I fly ;
But happier could the weary-hearted
 Look on his own blue hills and die !

* Pembrokeshire. † The aromatic odour of the pine has
frequently been mentioned by travellers.

TALIESIN'S PROPHECY

[A PROPHECY of Taliesin relating to the ancient Britons is still extant, and has been strikingly verified. It is to the following effect :—

"Their God they shall worship,
Their language they shall retain,
Their land they shall lose,
Except wild Wales."]

A VOICE from time departed yet floats thy hills among,
O Cambria ! thus thy prophet bard, thy Taliesin sung :
"The path of unborn ages is traced upon my soul,
The clouds which mantle things unseen away before me
roll,
A light the depths revealing hath o'er my spirit
passed,
A rushing sound from days to be swells fitful in the
blast,
And tells me that for ever shall live the lofty tongue
To which the harp of Mona's woods by freedom's hand
was strung.

"Green island of the mighty ! * I see thine ancient race
Driven from their fathers' realm to make the rocks their
dwelling-place !
I see from Uthyr's † kingdom the sceptre pass away,
And many a line of bards and chiefs and princely men
decay.

* *Ynys y Ceddeirn*, or Isle of the Mighty—an ancient name given to Britain.

† Uthyr Pendragon, King of Britain, supposed to have been the father of Arthur.

But long as Arvon's mountains shall lift their sovereign
forms,
And wear the crown to which is given dominion o'er
the storms,
So long, their empire sharing, shall live the lofty
tongue
To which the harp of Mona's woods by freedom's hand
was strung ! "

PRINCE MADOC'S FAREWELL

WHY lingers my gaze where the last hues of day
On the hills of my country in loveliness sleep ?
Too fair is the sight for a wanderer, whose way
Lies far o'er the measureless worlds of the deep !
Fall, shadows of twilight ! and veil the green shore,
That the heart of the mighty may waver no more !

Why rise on my thoughts, ye free songs of the land
Where the harp's lofty soul on each wild wind is borne ?
Be hushed, be forgotten ! for ne'er shall the hand
Of minstrel with melody greet my return.
—No ! no !—let our echoes still float on the breeze,
And my heart shall be strong for the conquest of seas !

'Tis not for the land of my sires to give birth
Unto bosoms that shrink when their trial is nigh ;
Away ! we will bear over ocean and earth
A name and a spirit that never shall die.
My course to the winds, to the stars, I resign ;
But my soul's quenchless fire, O my country ! is thine.

HOWEL'S SONG

[HOWEL AB EINION LLYGLIW was a distinguished bard of the fourteenth century. A beautiful poem, addressed by him to Myfanwy Vychan, a celebrated beauty of those times, is still preserved amongst the remains of the Welsh bards. The ruins of Myfanwy's residence, Castle Dinas Brân, may yet be traced on a high hill near Llangollen.]

PRESS on, my steed ! I hear the swell ⁸
Of Valle Crucis' vesper-bell,
Sweet floating from the holy dell
O'er woods and waters round.
Perchance the maid I love, even now,
From Dinas Brân's majestic brow,
Looks o'er the fairy world below,
And listens to the sound !

I feel her presence on the scene !
The summer air is more serene,
The deep woods wave in richer green,
The wave more gently flows !
O fair as ocean's curling foam !⁹
Lo ! with the balmy hour I come—
The hour that brings the wanderer home,
The weary to repose !

Haste ! on each mountain's darkening crest
The glow hath died, the shadows rest,
The twilight star on Deva's breast
Gleams tremulously bright ;

Speed for Myfanwy's bower on high !
Though scorn may wound me from her eye,
Oh ! better by the sun to die,
Than live in rayless night !

CASWALLON'S TRIUMPH

[“CASWALLON (or Cassivelaunus) was elected to the supreme command of the Britons, (as recorded in the Triads,) for the purpose of opposing Cæsar, under the title of Elected Chief of Battle. Whatever impression the disciplined legions of Rome might have made on the Britons in the first instance, the subsequent departure of Cæsar they considered as a cause of triumph; and it is stated that Caswallon proclaimed an assembly of the various states of the island, for the purpose of celebrating that event by feasting and public rejoicing.”—*Cambrian Biography*.]

FROM the glowing southern regions,
Where the sun-god makes his dwelling,
Came the Roman's crested legions
O'er the deep, round Britain swelling.
The wave grew dazzling as he passed,
With light from spear and helmet cast ;
And sounds in every rushing blast
Of a conqueror's march were telling.

But his eagle's royal pinion,
Bowing earth beneath its glory,
Could not shadow with dominion
Our wild seas and mountains holy !
Back from their cloudy realm it flies,
To float in light through softer skies ;
O chainless winds of heaven, arise !
Bear a vanquished world the story !

Lords of earth ! to Rome returning,
 Tell how Britain combat wages,
 How Caswallon's soul is burning
 When the storm of battle rages !
 And ye that shrine high deeds in song,
 O holy and immortal throng !
 The brightness of his name prolong,
 As a torch to stream through ages !

OWEN GLYNDWR'S WAR-SONG

[“THE year 1402 was ushered in with a comet or blazing star, which the bards interpreted as an omen favourable to the cause of Glyndwr. It served to infuse spirit into the minds of a superstitious people—the first success of their chieftain confirmed this belief, and gave new vigour to their actions.”—PENNANT.]

Saw ye the blazing star ?
 The heavens looked down on Freedom's war,
 And lit her torch on high !
 Bright on the dragon crest *
 It tells that glory's wing shall rest,
 When warriors meet to die !
 Let earth's pale tyrants read despair
 And vengeance in its flame ;
 Hail ye, my bards ! the omen fair
 Of conquest and of fame,
 And swell the rushing mountain air
 With songs of Glyndwr's name.

* “Owen Glyndwr styled himself the *Dragon*; a name he assumed in imitation of Uthyr, whose victories over the Saxons were foretold by the appearance of a star with a dragon beneath,

At the dead hour of night,
Marked ye how each majestic height
 Burned in its awful beams ?
Red shone the eternal snows,
And all the land, as bright it rose,
 Was full of glorious dreams !
O eagles of the battle,¹⁰ rise !
 The hope of Gwynedd wakes ! *
It is your banner in the skies
 Through each dark cloud which breaks,
And mantles with triumphal dyes
 Your thousand hills and lakes ! .

A sound is on the breeze,
A murmur as of swelling seas !
 The Saxon's on his way !
Lo ! spear and shield and lance,
From Deva's waves with lightning glance
 Reflected to the day !
But who the torrent-wave compels
 A conqueror's chain to bear ?
Let those who wake the soul that dwells
 On our free winds, beware !
The greenest and the loveliest dells
 May be the lion's lair !

Of us *they* told, the seers
And monarch bards of elder years,
 Who walked on earth as powers !

which Uthyr used as his badge ; and on that account it became a favourite one with the Welsh."—PENNANT.

* Gwynedd, (pronounced Gwyneth,) North Wales.

And in their burning strains
A spell of might and mystery reigns,
 To guard our mountain towers !
In Snowdon's caves a prophet lay : ¹¹
 Before his gifted sight
The march of ages passed away
 With hero-footsteps bright ;
But proudest in that long array
 Was Glyndwr's path of light !

THE MOUNTAIN-FIRES

["THE custom retained in Wales of lighting fires (*Coelcerthi*) on November Eve, is said to be a traditional memorial of the massacre of the British chiefs by Hengist, on Salisbury plain. The practice is, however, of older date, and had reference originally to the *Alban Elved*, or New Year." — *Cambro-Briton*. When these fires are kindled on the mountains, and seen through the darkness of a stormy night, casting a red and fitful glare over heath and rock, their effect is strikingly picturesque.]

LIGHT the hills ! till heaven is glowing
 As with some red meteor's rays !
Winds of night, though rudely blowing,
 Shall but fan the beacon-blaze.
Light the hills ! till flames are streaming
 From Yr Wyddfa's * sovereign steep,
To the waves round Mona gleaming,
 Where the Roman tracked the deep !

* Yr Wyddfa, the Welsh name of Snowdon.



Be the mountain watch-fires heightened,
Pile them to the stormy sky !
Till each torrent-wave is brightened,
Kindling as it rushes by.
Now each rock, the mist's high dwelling,
Towers in reddening light sublime ;
Heap the flames ! around them telling
Tales of Cambria's elder time.

Thus our sires, the fearless-hearted,
Many a solemn vigil kept,
When, in ages long departed,
O'er the noble dead they wept.
In the winds we hear their voices—
" Sons ! though yours a brighter lot,
When the mountain-land rejoices,
Be her mighty unforgot ! "

ERYRI WEN

[" SNOWDON was held as sacred by the ancient Britons, as Parnassus was by the Greeks, and Ida by the Cretans. It is still said, that whosoever slept upon Snowdon would wake inspired, as much as if he had taken a nap on the hill of Apollo. The Welsh had always the strongest attachment to the tract of Snowdon. Our princes had, in addition to their title, that of Lord of Snowdon."—PENNANT.]

THEIRS was no dream, O monarch hill,
With heaven's own azure crowned !
Who called thee — what thou shalt be still,
White Snowdon ! — holy ground.

They fabled not, thy sons who told
Of the dread power enshrined
Within thy cloudy mantle's fold,
And on thy rushing wind !

It shadowed o'er thy silent height,
It filled thy chainless air,
Deep thoughts of majesty and might
For ever breathing there.

Nor hath it fled ! the awful spell
Yet holds unbroken sway,
As when on that wild rock it fell
Were Merddin Emrys lay ! ¹²

Though from their stormy haunts of yore
Thine eagles long have flown,¹³
As proud a flight the soul shall soar
Yet from thy mountain-throne !

Pierce then the heavens, thou hill of streams !
And make the snows thy crest !
The sunlight of immortal dreams
Around thee still shall rest.

Eryri ! temple of the bard,
And fortress of the free !
Midst rocks which heroes died to guard,
Their spirit dwells with thee.

CHANT OF THE BARDS BEFORE THEIR
MASSACRE BY EDWARD I.

["THIS sanguinary deed is not attested by any historian of credit. And it deserves to be also noticed, that none of the bardic productions since the time of Edward make any allusion to such an event."—*Cambro-Briton*.]

RAISE ye the sword ! let the death-stroke be given ;
Oh, swift may it fall as the lightning of heaven !
So shall our spirits be free as our strains—
The children of song may not languish in chains !

Have ye not trampled our country's bright crest ?
Are heroes reposing in death on her breast ?
Red with her blood do her mountain-streams flow,
And think ye that still we would linger below ?

Rest, ye brave dead ! midst the hills of your sires :
Oh ! who would not slumber when freedom expires ?
Lonely and voiceless your halls must remain—
The children of song may not breathe in the chain !

THE DYING BARD'S PROPHECY

[At the time of the supposed massacre of the Welsh bards by Edward the First.]

THE hall of harps is lone to-night,
And cold the chieftain's hearth :
It hath no mead, it hath no light ;
No voice of melody, no sound of mirth.

The bow lies broken on the floor
Whence the free step is gone ;
The pilgrim turns him from the door
Where minstrel-blood hath stained the threshold stone.

And I, too, go ; my wound is deep,
My brethren long have died ;
Yet, ere my soul grow dark with sleep,
Winds ! bear the spoiler one more tone of pride !

Bear it where, on his battle-plain,
Beneath the setting sun,
He counts my country's noble slain :
Say to him — " Saxon, think not *all* is won ! "

Thou hast laid low the warrior's head,
The minstrel's chainless hand :
Dreamer ! that numberest with the dead
The burning spirit of the mountain-land !

Think'st thou, because the song has ceased,
The soul of song is flown ?
Think'st thou it woke to crown the feast,
It lived beside the ruddy hearth alone ?

No ! by our wrongs, and by our blood !
We leave it pure and free ;
Though hushed awhile, that sounding flood
Shall roll in joy through ages yet to be.

We leave it midst our country's woe—
The birthright of her breast ;
We leave it as we leave the snow
Bright and eternal on Eryri's crest.

We leave it with our fame to dwell
Upon our children's breath ;
Our voice in theirs through time shall swell—
The bard hath gifts of prophecy from death.

He dies ; but yet the mountains stand,
Yet sweeps the torrent's tide ;
And this is yet Aneurin's* land—
Winds ! bear the spoiler one more tone of pride !

THE FAIR ISLE†

[“THE Bard of the Palace, under the ancient Welsh princes, always accompanied the army when it marched into an enemy's country ; and while it was preparing for battle or dividing the spoils, he performed an ancient song, called *Unbennaeth Prydain*, the Monarchy of Britain. It has been conjectured that this poem referred to the tradition of the Welsh, that the whole island had once been possessed by their ancestors, who were driven into a corner of it by their Saxon invaders. When the prince had received his share of the spoils, the bard, for the performance of this song, was rewarded with the most valuable beast that remained.”—JONES's *Historical Account of the Welsh Bards*.]

I

Sons of the Fair Isle ! forget not the time
Ere spoilers had breathed the free air of your clime ;
All that its eagles behold in their flight
Was yours, from the deep to each storm-mantled height.
Though from your race that proud birthright be torn,
Unquenched is the spirit for monarchy born.

* Aneurin, one of the noblest of the Welsh bards.

† Yuys Prydain was the ancient Welsh name of Britain, and signifies *fair* or *beautiful isle*.

CHORUS

Darkly though clouds may hang o'er us awhile,
The crown shall not pass from the Beautiful Isle.

II

Ages may roll ere your children regain
The land for which heroes have perished in vain ;
Yet, in the sound of your names shall be power,
Around her still gathering in glory's full hour.
Strong in the fame of the mighty that sleep,
Your Britain shall sit on the throne of the deep.

CHORUS

Then shall their spirits rejoice in her smile,
Who died for the crown of the Beautiful Isle.

THE ROCK OF CADER IDRIS

[It is an old tradition of the Welsh bards, that on the summit of the mountain Cader Idris is an excavation resembling a couch ; and that whoever should pass a night in that hollow, would be found in the morning either dead, in a frenzy, or endowed with the highest poetical inspiration.]

I LAY on that rock where the storms have their dwelling,
The birthplace of phantoms, the home of the cloud ;
Around it for ever deep music is swelling,
The voice of the mountain-wind, solemn and loud.
'Twas a midnight of shadows all fitfully streaming,
Of wild waves and breezes, that mingled their moan ;
Of dim shrouded stars, as from gulfs faintly gleaming ;
And I met the dread gloom of its grandeur alone.

I lay there in silence—a spirit came o'er me ;
Man's tongue hath no language to speak what I saw ;
Things glorious, unearthly, passed floating before me,
And my heart almost fainted with rapture and awe.
I viewed the dread beings around us that hover,
Though veiled by the mists of mortality's breath ;
And I called upon darkness the vision to cover,
For a strife was within me of madness and death.

I saw them—the powers of the wind and the ocean,
The rush of whose pinion bears onward the storms ;
Like the sweep of the white-rolling wave was their
motion—

I *felt* their dim presence, but knew not their forms !
I saw them—the mighty of ages departed—
The dead were around me that night on the hill :
From their eyes, as they passed, a cold radiance they
darted :
There was light on my soul, but my heart's blood was
chill.

I saw what man looks on, and dies—but my spirit
Was strong, and triumphantly lived through that hour ;
And, as from the grave, I awoke to inherit
A flame all immortal, a voice, and a power !
Day burst on that rock with the purple cloud crested,
And high Cader Idris rejoiced in the sun ;
But oh ! what new glory all nature invested,
When the sense which gives soul to her beauty was won !

NOTES TO WELSH MELODIES

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¹ "FETCH the horn, that we may drink together, whose gloss is like the waves of the sea; whose green handles show the skill of the artist, and are tipped with gold."—From the *Hirlas Horn* of OWAIN CYFELLIOG.

² "Heard ye in Maelor the noise of war, the horrid din of arms, their furious onset, loud as in the battle of Bangor, where fire flashed out of their spears?"—*Ibid.*

³ "Fill, then, the yellow-lipped horn—badge of honour and mirth."—*Ibid.*

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⁴ "The Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without bed—
I must weep awhile, and then be silent.

The Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,
Without fire, without being lighted—
Be thou encircled with spreading silence!

The Hall of Cynddylan is without love this night,
Since he that owned it is no more—
Ah, Death! it will be but a short time he will leave me.

The Hall of Cynddylan it is not easy this night,
On the top of the rock of Hydwyth,
Without its lord, without company, without the circling
feasts!"

Elegies of Llywarch Hen.

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⁵ "Four-and-twenty sons to me have been,
Wearing the golden chain, and leading princes."

Elegies of Llywarch Hen.

The golden chain, as a badge of honour, worn by heroes, is frequently alluded to in the works of the ancient British bards.

- 6 "Hardly has the snow covered the vale,
When the warriors are hastening to the battle;
I do not go, I am hindered by infirmity."

Elegies of Llywarch Hen.

7 The "Green Islands of Ocean," or "Green Spots of the Floods," called in the *Triads* "Gwerddonan Llian," (respecting which some remarkable superstitions have been preserved in Wales,) were supposed to be the abode of the Fair Family, or souls of the virtuous Druids, who could not enter the Christian heaven, but were permitted to enjoy this paradise of their own. Gafran, a distinguished British chieftain of the fifth century, went on a voyage with his family to discover these islands; but they were never heard of afterwards. This event, the voyage of Merddin Emrys with his twelve bards, and the expedition of Madoc, were called the three losses by disappearance of the island of Britain.—See W. O. PUGHE'S *Cambrian Biography*, also *Cambro-Briton*, i. 24.

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8 "I have rode hard, mounted on a fine high-bred steed, upon thy account, O thou with the countenance of cherry-flower bloom. The speed was with eagerness, and the strong long-hammed steed of Alban reached the summit of the high land of Brân."

9 "My loving heart sinks with grief without thy support, O thou that hast the whiteness of the curling waves! I know that this pain will avail me nothing towards obtaining thy love, O thou whose countenance is bright as the flowers of the hawthorn!"—HOWEL'S *Ode to Myfanwy*.

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10 "Bring the horn to Tudwrou, the *Eagle of Battles*."—See the *Hirlas Horn* of OWAIN CYFEILIOG. The eagle is a very favourite image with the ancient Welsh poets.

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11 Merlin, or Merddin Emrys, is said to have composed his prophecies on the future lot of the Britons amongst the mountains of Snowdon. Many of these, and other ancient prophecies, were applied by Glyndwr to his own cause, and assisted him greatly in animating the spirit of his followers.

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¹² Dinas Emrys, (the fortress of Ambrose,) a celebrated rock amongst the mountains of Snowdon, is said to be so called from having been the residence of Merddin Emrys, called by the Latins Merlinus Ambrosius, the celebrated prophet and magician: and there, tradition says, he wrote his prophecies concerning the future state of the Britons.

"There is another curious tradition respecting a large stone, on the ascent of Snowdon, called *Maen du yr Arddu*, the black stone of Arddu. It is said, that if two persons were to sleep a night on this stone, in the morning one would find himself endowed with the gift of poetry, and the other would become insane."—WILLIAMS'S *Observations on the Snowdon Mountains*.

¹⁸ "It is believed amongst the inhabitants of these mountains, that eagles have heretofore bred in the lofty clefts of their rocks. Some wandering ones are still seen at times, though very rarely, amongst the precipices."—*Ibid*.

SONGS OF THE CID

[THESE ballads are not translations from the Spanish, but are founded upon some of the "wild and wonderful" traditions preserved in the romances of that language, and the ancient Poem of the Cid.]

THE CID'S DEPARTURE INTO EXILE

WITH sixty knights in his gallant train,
Went forth the Campeador of Spain ;
For wild sierras and plains afar,
He left the lands of his own Bivar.*

To march o'er field, and to watch in tent,
From his home in good Castile he went ;
To the wasting siege and the battle's van,
—For the noble Cid was a banished man !

Through his olive-woods the morn-breeze played,
And his native streams wild music made,
And clear in the sunshine his vineyards lay,
When for march and combat he took his way.

* A castle, about two leagues from Burgos.

With a thoughtful spirit his way he took,
And he turned his steed for a parting look,
For a parting look at his own fair towers,
—Oh ! the exile's heart hath weary hours !

The pennons were spread, and the band arrayed,
But the Cid at the threshold a moment stayed—
It *was* but a moment ; the halls were lone,
And the gates of his dwelling all open thrown.

There was not a steed in the empty stall,
Nor a spear nor a cloak on the naked wall,
Nor a hawk on the perch, nor a seat at the door,
Nor the sound of a step on the hollow floor.

Then a dim tear swelled to the warrior's eye,
As the voice of his native groves went by ;
And he said—" My foemen their wish have won :
Now the will of God be in all things done !"

But the trumpet blew with its note of cheer,
And the winds of the morning swept off the tear,
And the fields of his glory lay distant far,
—He is gone from the towers of his own Bivar !

THE CID'S DEATHBED

It was an hour of grief and fear
Within Valencia's walls,
When the blue spring heaven lay still and clear
Above her marble halls.

There were pale cheeks and troubled eyes,
And steps of hurrying feet,
Where the Zambra's* notes were wont to rise
Along the sunny street.

It was an hour of fear and grief
On bright Valencia's shore,
For Death was busy with her chief,
The noble Campeador.

The Moor-king's barks were on the deep,
With sounds and signs of war ;
But the Cid was passing to his sleep,
In the silent Alcazar.

No moan was heard through the towers of state,
No weeper's aspect seen,
But by the couch Ximena sate,
With pale yet steadfast mien.†

Stillness was round the leader's bed,
Warriors stood mournful nigh,
And banners o'er his glorious head
Were drooping heavily.

And feeble grew the conquering hand,
And cold the valiant breast ;
He had fought the battles of the land,
And his hour was come to rest.

* The Zambra, a Moorish dance. When Valencia was taken by the Cid, many of the Moorish families chose to remain there, and reside under his government.

† The calm fortitude of Ximena is frequently alluded to in the romances.

What said the Ruler of the field ?
—His voice is faint and low ;
The breeze that creeps o'er his lance and shield
Hath louder accents now.

“ Raise ye no cry, and let no moan
Be made when I depart ;
The Moor must hear no dirge's tone ;
Be ye of mighty heart !

“ Let the cymbal-clash and the trumpet-strain
From your walls ring far and shrill ;
And fear ye not, for the saints of Spain
Shall grant you victory still.

“ And gird my form with mail array,
And set me on my steed ;
So go ye forth on your funeral way,
And God shall give you speed.

“ Go with the dead in the front of war,
All armed with sword and helm,
And march by the camp of King Bucar,
For the good Castilian realm.

“ And let me slumber in the soil
Which gave my fathers birth ;
I have closed my day of battle-toil,
And my course is done on earth.”

—Now wave, ye glorious banners ! wave !
Through the lattice a wind sweeps by,
And the arms, o'er the deathbed of the brave,
Send forth a hollow sigh.

Now wave, ye banners of many a fight !
 As the fresh wind o'er you sweeps.
 The wind and the banners fall hushed as night :
 The Campeador—he sleeps !

Sound the battle-horn on the breeze of morn,
 And swell out the trumpet's blast,
 Till the notes prevail o'er the voice of wail,
 For the noble Cid hath passed !

THE CID'S FUNERAL PROCESSION

THE Moor had beleaguered Valencia's towers,
 And lances gleamed up through her citron bowers,
 And the tents of the Desert had girt her plain,
 And camels were trampling the vines of Spain ;
 For the Cid was gone to rest.

There were men from wilds where the death-wind sweeps,
 There were spears from hills where the lion sleeps,
 There were bows from sands where the ostrich runs ;
 For the shrill horn of Afric had called her sons
 To the battles of the West.

The midnight bell, o'er the dim seas heard
 Like the roar of waters, the air had stirred ;
 The stars were shining o'er tower and wave,
 And the camp lay hushed as a wizard's cave ;
 But the Christians woke that night.

They reared the Cid on his barded steed,
Like a warrior mailed for the hour of need,
And they fixed the sword in the cold right hand
Which had fought so well for his fathers' land,
And the shield from his neck hung bright.

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,
There was vigil kept on the rampart walls ;
Stars had not faded nor clouds turned red,
When the knights had girded the noble dead,
And the burial train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun ;
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands ;
And they gave no battle-shout.

When the first went forth, it was midnight deep,
In heaven was the moon, in the camp was sleep ;
When the last through the city's gates had gone,
O'er tent and rampart the bright day shone,
With a sun-burst from the sea.

There were knights five hundred went armed before,
And Bermudez the Cid's green standard bore ; *
To its last fair field, with the break of morn,
Was the glorious banner in silence borne,
On the glad wind streaming free.

* " And while they stood there, they saw the Cid Ruy Diez coming up with three hundred knights ; for he had not been in the battle, and they knew his *green pennon*."—SOUTHEY'S *Chronicles of the Cid*.

And the Campeador came stately then,
Like a leader circled with steel-clad men ;
The helmet was down o'er the face of the dead,
But his steed went proud, by a warrior led,
For he knew that the Cid was there.

He was there, the Cid, with his own good sword,
And Ximena following her noble lord ;
Her eye was solemn, her step was slow,
But there rose not a sound of war or woe,
Not a whisper on the air.

The halls in Valencia were still and lone,
The churches were empty, the masses done ;
There was not a voice through the wide streets far,
Nor a footfall heard in the Alcazar,
—So the burial-train moved out.

With a measured pace, as the pace of one,
Was the still death-march of the host begun ;
With a silent step went the cuirassed bands,
Like a lion's tread on the burning sands ;
And they gave no battle-shout.

But the deep hills pealed with a cry ere long,
When the Christians burst on the Paynim throng !
—With a sudden flash of the lance and spear,
And a charge of the war-steed in full career,
It was Alvar Fañez* came !

* One of the Cid's most distinguished warriors.

He that was wrapt with no funeral shroud,
Had passed before like a threatening cloud :
And the storm rushed down on the tented plain,
And the Archer-Queen,* with her bands, lay slain ;
For the Cid upheld his fame.

Then a terror fell on the King Bucar,
And the Libyan kings who had joined his war ;
And their hearts grew heavy, and died away,
And their hands could not wield an assagay,
For the dreadful things they saw !

For it seemed where Minaya his onset made,
There were seventy thousand knights arrayed,
All white as the snow on Nevada's steep,
And they came like the foam of a roaring deep ;
—'Twas a sight of fear and awe !

And the crested form of a warrior tall,
With a sword of fire, went before them all ;
With a sword of fire and a banner pale,
And a blood-red cross on his shadowy mail ;
He rode in the battle's van !

There was fear in the path of his dim white horse,
There was death in the giant-warrior's course !
Where his banner streamed with its ghostly light,
Where his sword blazed out, there was hurrying flight—
For it seemed not the sword of man !

* A Moorish Amazon, who, with a band of female warriors, accompanied King Bucar from Africa. Her arrows were so unerring, that she obtained the name of the Star of Archers.

The field and the river grew darkly red,
As the kings and leaders of Afric fled.
There was work for the men of the Cid that day !
They were weary at eve, when they ceased to slay,
As reapers whose task is done.

The kings and the leaders of Afric fled ;
The sails of their galleys in haste were spread ;
But the sea had its share of the Paynim slain,
And the bow of the Desert was broke in Spain.
—So the Cid to his grave passed on !

THE CID'S RISING

[SEE Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid*, p. 352.]

'Twas the deep mid-watch of the silent night,
And Leon in slumber lay,
When a sound went forth in rushing might,
Like an army on its way !
In the stillness of the hour
When the dreams of sleep have power,
And men forget the day.

Through the dark and lonely streets it went,
Till the slumberers woke in dread ;—
The sound of a passing armament,
With the charger's stony tread.
There was heard no trumpet's peal,
But the heavy tramp of steel,
As a host's to combat led.

Through the dark and lonely streets it passed,
And the hollow pavement rang,
And the towers, as with a sweeping blast,
Rocked to the stormy clang !
But the march of the viewless train
Went on to a royal fane,
Where a priest his night-hymn sang.

There was knocking that shook the marble floor,
And a voice at the gate, which said—
“ That the Cid Ruy Diez, the Campeador,
Was there in his arms arrayed;
And that with him, from the tomb,
Had the Count Gonzalez come
With a host, uprisen to aid.

“ And they came for the buried king that lay
At rest in that ancient fane ;
For he must be armed on the battle-day,
With them to deliver Spain ! ”
Then the march went sounding on,
And the Moors by noontide sun
Were dust on Tolosa's plain.

GREEK SONGS

THE STORM OF DELPHI

[SEE Mitford's *Greece*.]

FAR through the Delphian shades
An Eastern trumpet rung !
And the startled eagle rushed on high,
With a sounding flight through the fiery sky ;
And banners, o'er the shadowy glades,
To the sweeping winds were flung.

Banners with deep-red gold
All waving as a flame,
And a fitful glance from the bright spear-head
On the dim wood-paths of the mountain shed,
And a peal of Asia's war-notes told
That in arms the Persian came.

He came with starry gems
On his quiver and his crest ;
With starry gems, at whose heart the day
Of the cloudless Orient burning lay,
And they cast a gleam on the laurel-stems,
As onward his thousands pressed.

But a gloom fell o'er their way,
And a heavy moan went by !
A moan, yet not like the wind's low swell,
When its voice grows wild amidst cave and dell,
But a mortal murmur of dismay,
Or a warrior's dying sigh !

A gloom fell on their way !
'Twas not the shadow cast
By the dark pine-boughs, as they crossed the blue
Of the Grecian heavens with their solemn hue;
The air was filled with a mightier sway—
But on the spearman passed !

And hollow to their tread
Came the echoes of the ground ;
And banners drooped, as with dews o'erborne,
And the wailing blast of the battle-horn
Had an altered cadence, dull and dead,
Of strange foreboding sound.

But they blew a louder strain,
When the steep defiles were passed !
And afar the crowned Parnassus rose,
To shine through heaven with his radiant snows,
And in golden light the Delphian fane
Before them stood at last !

In golden light it stood,
Midst the laurels gleaming lone ;
For the Sun-god yet, with a lovely smile,
O'er its graceful pillars looked awhile,
Though the stormy shade on cliff and wood
Grew deep round its mountain-throne.

And the Persians gave a shout !
But the marble walls replied
With a clash of steel and a sullen roar
Like heavy wheels on the ocean-shore,
And a savage trumpet's note pealed out,
Till their hearts for terror died !

On the armour of the god
Then a viewless hand was laid ;
There were helm and spear, with a clanging din,
And corslet brought from the shrine within,
From the inmost shrine of the dread abode,
And before its front arrayed.

And a sudden silence fell
Through the dim and loaded air !
On the wild-bird's wing and the myrtle spray,
And the very founts in their silvery way :
With a weight of sleep came down the spell,
Till man grew breathless there.

But the pause was broken soon !
'Twas not by song or lyre ;
For the Delphian maids had left their bowers,
And the hearths were lone in the city's towers,
But there burst a sound through the misty noon—
That battle-noon of fire !

It burst from earth and heaven !
It rolled from crag and cloud !
For a moment on the mountain-blast
With a thousand stormy voices passed ;
And the purple gloom of the sky was riven,
When the thunder pealed aloud.

And the lightnings in their play
 Flashed forth, like javelins thrown,
Like sun-darts winged from the silver bow,
They smote the spear and the turbaned brow ;
 And the bright gems flew from the crests like spray,
 And the banners were struck down !

And the massy oak-boughs crashed
 To the fire-bolts from on high,
And the forest lent its billowy roar,
While the glorious tempest onward bore,
 And lit the streams, as they foamed and dashed,
 With the fierce rain sweeping by.

Then rushed the Delphian men
 On the pale and scattered host.
Like the joyous burst of a flashing wave,
They rushed from the dim Corycian cave ;
 And the singing blast o'er wood and glen
 Rolled on, with the spears they tossed.

There were cries of wild dismay,
 There were shouts of warrior-glee,
There were savage sounds of the tempest's mirth,
That shook the realm of their eagle-birth ;
 But the mount of song, when they died away,
 Still rose, with its temple, free !

And the Pæan swelled ere long,
 Io Pæan ! from the fane ;
Io Pæan ! for the war-array
On the crowned Parnassus riven that day !
 —Thou shalt rise as free, thou mount of song !
 With thy bounding streams again.

THE VOICE OF SCIO

A voice from Scio's isle—
A voice of song, a voice of old
Swept far as cloud or billow rolled,
And earth was hushed the while—

The souls of nations woke !
Where lies the land whose hills among
That voice of victory hath not rung,
As if a trumpet spoke ?

To sky, and sea, and shore,
Of those whose blood on Ilion's plain
Swept from the rivers to the main,
A glorious tale it bore.

Still by our sun-bright deep,
With all the fame that fiery lay
Threw round them, in its rushing way,
The sons of battle sleep.

And kings their turf have crowned !
And pilgrims o'er the foaming wave
Brought garlands there ; so rest the brave,
Who thus their bard have found !

A voice from Scio's isle,
A voice as deep hath risen again ;
As far shall peal its thrilling strain,
Where'er our sun may smile !

Let not its tones expire !
Such power to waken earth and heaven,
And might and vengeance, ne'er was given
To mortal song or lyre !

Know ye not whence it comes ?
From ruined hearths, from burning fanes,
From kindred blood on yon red plains,
From desolated homes !

'Tis with us through the night !
'Tis on our hills, 'tis in our sky—
Hear it, ye heavens ! when swords flash high
O'er the mid-waves of fight !

THE SPARTANS' MARCH.

["THE Spartans used not the trumpet in their march into battle, says Thucydides, because they wished not to excite the rage of their warriors. Their charging-step was made to the 'Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders.' The valour of a Spartan was too highly tempered to require a stunning or a rousing impulse. His spirit was like a steed too proud for the spur."—CAMPBELL, *On the Elegiac Poetry of the Greeks.*]

'Twas morn upon the Grecian hills,
Where peasants dressed the vines ;
Sunlight was on Cithæron's rills,
Arcadin's rocks and pines.

And brightly, through his reeds and flowers,
Eurotas wandered by,
When a sound arose from Sparta's towers
Of solemn harmony.

Was it the hunters' choral strain
To the woodland-goddess poured ?
Did virgin hands in Pallas' fane
Strike the full-sounding chord ?

But helms were glancing on the stream,
Spears ranged in close array,
And shields flung back a glorious beam
To the morn of a fearful day.

And the mountain-echoes of the land
Swelled through the deep blue sky ;
While to soft strains moved forth a band
Of men that moved to die.

They marched not with the trumpet's blast,
Nor bade the horn peal out ;
And the laurel groves, as on they passed,
Rang with no battle-shout.

They asked no clarion's voice to fire
Their souls with an impulse high ;
But the Dorian reed and the Spartan lyre
For the sons of liberty.

And still sweet flutes their path around
Sent forth Æolian breath ;
They needed not a sterner sound
To marshal them for death.

So moved they calmly to their field,
Thence never to return,
Save bearing back the Spartan shield,
Or on it proudly borne.

THE BOWL OF LIBERTY

[For an account of this ceremony, anciently performed in commemoration of the battle of Plataeæ, see Potter's *Grecian Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 389.]

BEFORE the fiery sun—

The sun that looks on Greece with cloudless eye,—
In the free air, and on the war-field won,
Our fathers crowned the Bowl of Liberty.

Amidst the tombs they stood,
The tombs of heroes ! with the solemn skies,
And the wide plain around, where patriot blood
Had steeped the soil in hues of sacrifice.

They called the glorious dead,
In the strong faith which brings the viewless nigh,
And poured rich odours o'er their battle-bed,
And bade them to their rite of Liberty.

They called them from the Shades—
The golden-fruited Shades, where minstrels tell
How softer light the immortal clime pervades,
And music floats o'er meads of asphodel.

Then fast the bright-red wine
Flowed to *their* names who taught the world to die,
And made the land's green turf a living shrine,
Meet for the wreath and Bowl of Liberty.

So the rejoicing earth
Took from her vines again the blood she gave,
And richer flowers to deck the tomb drew birth
From the free soil, thus hallowed to the brave.

We have the battle-fields,
The tombs, the names, the blue majestic sky—
We have the founts the purple vintage yields ;
—When shall we crown the Bowl of Liberty !

THE URN AND SWORD

[SEE Potter's *Grecian Antiquities*, ii. 234.]

THEY sought for treasures in the tomb,
Where gentler hands were wont to spread
Fresh boughs and flowers of purple bloom,
And sunny ringlets, for the dead.

They scattered far the greensward heap,
Where once those hands the bright wine poured ;
—What found they in the home of sleep ?
A mouldering urn, a shivered sword !

An urn, which held the dust of one
Who died when hearths and shrines were free ;
A sword, whose work was proudly done
Between our mountains and the sea.

And these are treasures !—undismayed,
Still for their suffering land we trust,
Wherein the past its fame hath laid
With freedom's sword and valour's dust.

THE MYRTLE-BOUGH.

STILL green, along our sunny shore,
The flowering myrtle waves,
As when its fragrant boughs of yore
Were offered on the graves—
The graves wherein our mighty men
Had rest, unviolated then.

Still green it waves ! as when the hearth
Was sacred through the land ;
And fearless was the banquet's mirth,
And free the minstrel's hand ;
And guests, with shining myrtle crowned,
Sent the wreathed lyre and wine-cup round.

Still green ! as when on holy ground
The tyrant's blood was poured :
Forget ye not what garlands bound
The young deliverer's sword !
Though earth may shroud Harmodius now,
We still have sword and myrtle-bough !

POEMS

OF

FELICIA HEMANS

IN SIX VOLUMES

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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
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